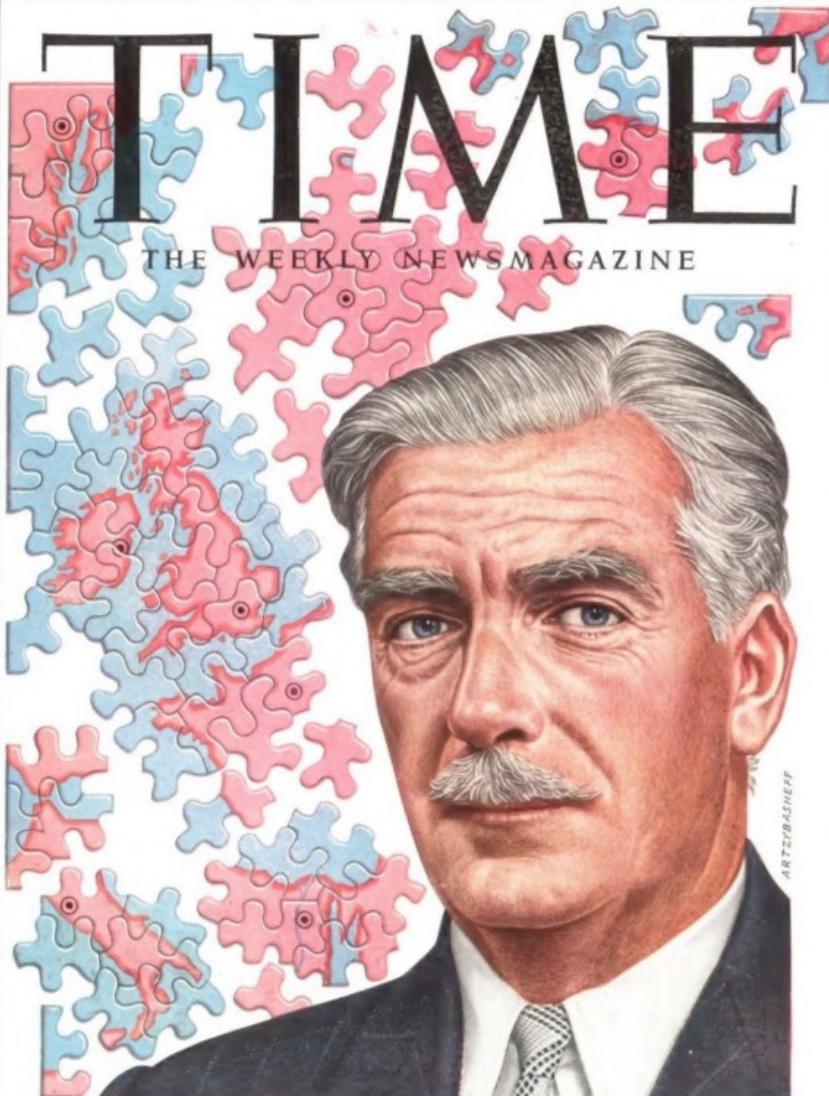


TWENTY CENTS

FEBRUARY 13, 1952



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Getting there **is** half the fun!

Crepes Suzette—tempting, flavorful, liqueur-drenched . . . perfect climax to a superb meal . . .

and typical of the luscious creations that make dining aboard a Cunarder a gourmet's delight! Whether you're Europe-bound or cruising to lands of romance, this is the life you'll love.

Surrender yourself blissfully to days of healthful relaxation . . .

breathe deeply of the clean salt air! Enjoy the charming company, the nightly fun and frivolity that make an ocean voyage via Cunard one of life's supreme pleasures!

And whatever your taste in ships, there's a Cunarder to suit you
from the world's largest and fastest liners to the more leisurely.



YOUR TRAVEL AGENT WILL SERVE YOU AT NO EXTRA COST

No wonder more people prefer

CUNARD

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RESEARCH KEEPS

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER



Photo courtesy Sparry Products, Inc., Danbury, Conn.

Rubber helps "track walker" see through steel

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich improvement in rubber

THIS car inspects more railroad track in a day than a man on foot could cover in a week. And it checks both rails at once—with X-ray eyes that can "see" right through the steel.

But the belts which drive a pair of big electric generators in the car once caused a serious problem. With heavy equipment in such small space there wasn't room to adjust the tension of the belts. The slightest stretch or slip set off a chain reaction of trouble because the generators were affected. This in turn spoiled the vision of the X-ray eyes. Ordinary V belts stretched badly;

replacement was frequent and costly.

A distributor suggested B. F. Goodrich grommet V belts. When installed, the grommet belts were found to give 3 times the service of other belts. Now, belt costs are cut; repair and maintenance time has been cut by 60 per cent.

A grommet is a tension member inside the belt. It's made like a giant cable except that it is endless—a cord loop made by winding heavy cord on itself. There are two grommets in B. F. Goodrich V belts. They stand the shocks and heavy loads, help prevent

stretching, also make the belt flexible.

The grommet belt is typical of BFG product improvement—and savings to industry. If you use V belts or other industrial rubber goods, see your BFG distributor and learn what B. F. Goodrich research may have done to improve the kind of products you need. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Industrial & General Products Division, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich
RUBBER FOR INDUSTRY

"Out of thin air" comes **The**



HIGHEST HORSEPOWER in Buick history

No, we didn't have to build a new engine to do it.

We took Buick's Fireball Engine—which is a valve-in-head that lets you make the most of high compression.

We drew on 12 patient years of Buick carburetion research—an experience which few can equal and no one can top. And the results in words of one syllable are: *we came up with more might, more miles, from gas—right out of thin air, in more ways than one.*

When you talk about "miles per gallon" you naturally think of fuel, because that's what you buy.

But air's free—and for every gallon of gasoline, a busy engine can gulp more than 8,000 gallons of air.

The problem has always been—to deliver air in the right proportions, throughout the full range of speeds at which you drive your car.

A conventional carburetor—big enough to supply the rush of air needed at full throttle—can be wasteful in stop-and-go driving.

A carburetor sized only for thrift in city traffic literally smothers your engine when you really give it the gun.

So Buick's engineers came up with the Airpower carburetor—a four-barrel automatic—and here's how it works.

When you want to loaf along, two barrels are working, two stay closed. There's even a governor that keeps them shut during warm-up periods. And you get a low-speed thrift and smoothness that's out of this world.

As you pick up speed, the "stand-bys" smoothly come into play—feeding not just more gas, but more air too—which means that you keep on getting maximum power from each drop of fuel.

You have 170 effortless horsepower when you need it—a tremendous reserve of power ready to go into instant action at the nudge of your toe.

You have the satisfaction of knowing that you get this power with a frugal use of gas. At 40 you use less gas than you formerly used at 30. And, where the law allows, you can step from 40 to 60 in less than 8 seconds.

That's the story of Airpower carburetion in facts and figures.

But no facts and figures can tell you the breath-taking joy of heading for new horizons in a great-powered new ROADMASTER out on the road.

When can you do that? Don't be surprised if your Buick dealer tells you "line forms to the right." He's proudly displaying one of the greatest arrays of new cars that you've seen in years.

Equipment, accessories, trim and models are subject to change without notice.

BUICK Division of GENERAL MOTORS

Sure is true
for '52

When better automobiles are built
BUICK
will build them

WORKHORSE ENGINES

of the Nation's Largest Airfreight Line

DEPEND ON

CHAMPION
SPARK PLUGS



MR. THOMAS L. GRACE,
President of Slick Airways, Inc.,
Burbank, California, says:

"Hauling Airfreight from coast to coast, every hour around the clock, means keeping many airplanes in the air . . . for many hours of every day. Slick guarantees its customers the finest and fastest Airfreight service in the country, and only by the finest performance of every piece of equipment can we uphold this claim. For this reason we set extremely high standards of excellence for maintenance and replacement parts. Tops on our equipment list are Champion Spark Plugs. All of our maintenance people, from the superintendent to the line mechanics, swear by Champions and, quite frankly, will not use any other spark plugs."

You can profit by the experience of Slick Airways and of every other major airline in the country, as well as the majority of overseas operations, all of whom use dependable Champions. If you want the same spark plug performance, economy and dependability that the airlines demand, insist on Champions for your car. They are products of the identical exhaustive research, precision engineering and uncompromising quality standards in manufacture.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

FOLLOW THE EXPERTS

DEMAND DEPENDABLE CHAMPIONS FOR YOUR CAR

LETTERS

Church, State & Sugrue

Sir:

Thomas Sugrue has written a provocative article in the Protestant *Christian Herald*, as reported by TIME, Jan. 21. What or whom it will provoke is anybody's guess . . . I think it conceivable that a storm of protest may descend on his head, with most of the protestants being Catholics. He may find himself castigated as a Roman Benedict Arnold or worse, a Blasphard-In-Pope's-clothing. And yet, his conclusion that men of good will on both sides of the fence should unite in tearing down the fence seems to me to make a lot of sense . . . I wish Mr. Sugrue luck in his effort to promote bilateral cooperation.

ADRIAN L. KLEIN

St. Louis

Sir:

Who ever told Thomas Sugrue that he was a Roman Catholic? He sounds more like a watered-down version of Protestant Bishop Oxnam.

H. T. THURSTON

Chicago

Sir:

Thomas Sugrue deserves commendation. I did not know that there were any Roman Catholics with enough backbone to dare criticize their ecclesiastical masters . . .

JAMES H. DOUGLASS

Sewanee, Tenn.

Sir:

. . . I'll bet Mr. Sugrue a year's subscription to *America* (Catholic weekly) that he has never been told by any priest or informed

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TIME
February 11, 1952

Volume LIX
Number 8

TIME, FEBRUARY 11, 1952



*Was she peeved when
I snapped her like this!*



*but the gang
loved it
one minute later*



ENJOY FUN-PHOTOGRAPHY? Your Polaroid picture-in-a-minute Camera will always be guest of honor at parties, outings...because there's no thrill like *seeing* snapshots 60 seconds after they're taken.

ENJOY SERIOUS PHOTOGRAPHY? Your Polaroid Camera is the *only* camera which gives you a second chance if you're not perfectly satisfied with your landscape, portrait, or studio study. You can see your results, change the pose, lighting, or camera angle, and shoot again for perfection.

ENJOY SIMPLICITY? This fine precision instrument is so simple to use that a beginner produces beautiful pictures from the first. Easy drop-in loading; easy to set the single control for lens and shutter, easy to remove the brilliant $3\frac{3}{4}'' \times 4\frac{3}{4}''$ black and white print.

TRY IT? Your photo dealer will gladly arrange a demonstration. You'll wonder why you ever waited to see your finished pictures . . . and to own the world's most exciting camera.

BRILLIANT BLACK AND WHITE PRINTS — IN 60 SECONDS

POLAROID® Land CAMERA

Polaroid® by Polaroid Corporation

TIME, FEBRUARY 11, 1952

The Camera of a Thousand Business Uses



Every day brings reports of business jobs done faster and better with 60-second photography. Examples:

MAKES PASS PHOTOS FASTER

Polaroid Identification Camera delivers finished prints. Employees get their passes then and there! No need for temporary passes, no waiting for photos, no red tape.



DEPARTMENT STORE BUYERS . . .



on trips make photographs of samples for obtaining home office approvals of purchases, and for checking merchandise upon delivery.

CONVENTION EXHIBITORS . . .

make Polaroid snapshots of visitors. Pictures make interesting visual directory of "Who's Here," or serve as reminder-gifts.



OSCILLOSCOPE IMAGES . . .



are recorded in finished photographs in less than one minute, in laboratories using the Fairchild-Polaroid, G.E. and Dumont Oscilloscope Cameras.

For complete information about the many business applications of Polaroid picture-in-a-minute photography, write to Polaroid Corp., Dept. T-32, Cambridge 39, Mass.

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The Monarch

New York to London nonstop—in Stratocruiser luxury. Cocktail or apéritif, dinner with wine including champagne, and liqueurs. Full-size sleeper berths at slight extra charge. Connections to Paris and the Continent by B.E.A.

The Flying Scot

Overnight, New York to Glasgow and London. Stratocruiser service. Complimentary cocktail or apéritif, dinner including wine. Full-size sleeper berths available at slight extra charge.

The Bermudian

Luxury flight, New York to Bermuda. Constellations exclusively. Cocktail and dinner en route. B.O.A.C. alone offers mid-afternoon departures from New York, and morning return flights.

The Bahamian

The only nonstop service, New York to Nassau. Stratocruisers exclusively. Complimentary cocktail and luncheon. B.O.A.C. connecting flights from Nassau to Jamaica and all the Caribbean resorts.

The only airline operating Double-Decker Stratocruisers exclusively on every North Atlantic flight

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

Reservations through your travel agent or call B.O.A.C. in New York, Boston, Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Miami; in Canada: Montreal, Toronto.

Catholic that he must approve sending an ambassador to the Vatican. And what kind of "sex" is it that he feels American Catholics "condemn continuously"? If he feels there is prolonged concentration on that one sin possibly it is the only one he is interested in reading or hearing about . . . I suggest Mr. Sugrue enroll in a course of elementary catechism and get off Paul Blanshard's knee.

FRANK G. RIVERA

Los Angeles

Sir:

. . . I do believe it to be the most refreshing and frank outlook by a Catholic in my ten years of reading TIME's Religion department.

ERIN H. HOY

Huntington Park, Calif.

Sir:

. . . I have . . . many Catholic laymen among my friends, but . . . I have never heard one . . . even mention, much less advocate, union of church and state in this country. None [have] ever mentioned the subject except as one of the mythical ambitions attributed to them by non-Catholics . . .

HELEN R. MAKER

New York City

Sir:

We need more good American Catholics who will speak out against the American hierarchy and their totalitarian, anti-democracy, anti-public schools, anti-freedom of thought, anti-anything-they-don't-control attitude . . .

VIRGIL P. POWELL

Monrovia, Calif.

Sir:

If Thomas Sugrue is a Catholic in anything but name, then I am a Hindu yogi . . .

JUSTIN C. BOLGER

Notre Dame, Ind.

Sir:

Thomas Sugrue complains that as an American Catholic, he is "now expected to approve the idea of sending an ambassador to the Vatican." Who expects him? His bishop? His parish priest? . . . It seems to me that Roman Catholics in the U.S. have been very quiet on this whole matter, and they have shown great forbearance in the face of the abuse and suspicions which have been directed towards them ever since President Truman made known his desire to appoint an ambassador.

Surely, if it is high pressure and truculence on the part of religious groups which Mr. Sugrue is concerned with, and if clericalism annoys him to the point where he must write about it, all the evidence he needs is at hand in the spectacle of high pressure, truculence and clericalism re the Vatican appointment which Protestant ecclesiastics and organizations have been featuring as their main show for the last three months.

(MSGR.) THOMAS J. McCARTHY
National Catholic Welfare Conference
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

. . . By "censorship" (by the clergy) I suppose Mr. Sugrue refers to the occasions when an R. C. cleric feels it necessary to warn the faithful of a particularly indecent movie, a dirty play such as *Tobacco Road*, a filthy novel or a pornographic magazine. This is not only proper, but a duty of bishop or priest as protector of faith and morals for his flock . . .

W. J. AYLWARD

Port Washington, N.Y.

Sir:

. . . To the enlightened Catholic, Sugrue writes like a simpleton. Instead of theorizing about papal summer residences in the U.S.

TIME, FEBRUARY 11, 1952

"Quiet, please... school's in session"



WHAT kind of a classroom is this, you ask, with a child in bed and no teacher in sight?

Actually, the device on the child's bedside table turns her sickroom into a classroom . . . makes it possible for her to take an *active* part in the work being done by her schoolmates in a more conventional classroom miles away.

That small "intercom" set, manufactured for telephone companies and connected to the school over telephone wires, brings the voices of teacher and pupils right into the room of the housebound child. By flicking a switch, she talks to her classroom . . . asks questions—answers them, too—and her voice is heard by everyone there just as though she were at her desk.

Thus the magic of electronics works to brighten the lives of shut-in children.

To assure uninterrupted schooling, the manufacturers of this unique device turned to Mallory for dependable capacitors—vital component without which no electronic device can work. They knew Mallory capacitors—backed by more than 25 years of electrochemical research and engineering—would give long, trouble-free service.

That's the kind of service manufacturers of a wide range of electronic equipment—from television sets to radar equipment to intricate computers—have learned to expect from Mallory capacitors and other Mallory products.

As a manufacturer, it may pay you to see how Mallory precision products, research and engineering in the fields of electrochemistry, electronics and metallurgy can work for you to improve your product . . . lower your costs.

MALLORY

SERVING INDUSTRY WITH THESE PRODUCTS:

Electromechanical • Resistors, Switches, Television Tuners, Vibrators
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P. R. MALLORY & CO., Inc., INDIANAPOLIS 6, INDIANA

**THE STORY OF
BOSTON'S FAMED
Parker House**

Expectations Exceeded . . .

Out of the mailpouch of Boston's famed Parker House popped an interesting note from the Midwest . . . Its writer stated that for many years he had "read with gusto" descriptions of Parker House hospitality and its cuisine, but never until recently visited Boston. Registering at the hotel he several times during his stay dined on Boiled Tripe and Baked Lobster à la Parker. Finding that both dishes more than lived up to their reputations, upon his return home he wrote Parker House President Glenwood Sherrard: "I'm still unable to fathom the gentle treatment given your two specialties" . . .



BOSTON'S FAMED PARKER HOUSE
Its cuisine exceeded expectations

Forthwith detailed recipes were sent to the Midwest connoisseur, together with recipes of several other Parker House specialties. A similar packet of recipes will be cheerfully sent at no charge to other TIME readers upon request.

Choice Plum . . .

A city of infinite interest is Boston, self-styled Hub of the intellectual universe. From the sacred cod atop the gold-domed State House, to such historical landmarks as Bunker Hill, the old North Church, Faneuil Hall, Boston offers sufficient variety to fascinate businessmen and tourists alike.

Choice plum in Boston's historical pudding is the Parker House, one of the city's most interesting landmarks as well as its most famous hotel. Many are the celebrities who have slept within its walls, dined at its tables; many the legends told of its famed hospitality. The Parker House today is a new and modern hostelry, but the spirit of the old Parker House lingers on to impart a mellowness rarely found in a metropolitan hotel.

*Rooms begin at \$5.00. All have circulating ice-water, bath, 4-network radio.

Parker House
BOSTON
A NEW ENGLAND INSTITUTION

(what a laugh), he might have used his talents to admonish Catholics and Protestants to follow the Scriptures' advice of loving one another . . .

RICHARD M. HANISITS

Winona, Minn.

Sir:

Didn't Thomas Sugrue know . . . that the Catholic Church in America is committed to a far more insidious plot?

I have it from reliable sources (a granddaughter of Maria Monk*) that 1) Eisenhower will announce his conversion to Catholicism by Bishop Fulton J. Sheen after (and, of course, if) he is elected President; 2) Thomas Merton will become Secretary of State with special permission of the Abbot of the Trappists at Gethsemane, Ky., and 3) Francis Cardinal Spellman will be given \$20 million of federal funds to build a new Vatican on the campus of Notre Dame University with the understanding that the varsity football team will replace the Swiss Papal Guards.

CHARLES P. O'CONNELL

Albany, N.Y.

Sir:

Let the letters of righteous indignation from my fellow Catholics bear witness to the validity of Thomas Sugrue's diagnosis.

MARK ADAMS

San Francisco

Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?

Sir:

The Jan. 14 article [on one of General Ridgway's Honor Guards, who helped himself to some candy from a box in Ridgway's office] is a good example of what causes the public to say they "don't want a military man in the White House." We all realize that discipline is a highly important factor in military training, but when . . . Matt Ridgway makes a cause célèbre out of five pieces of candy, then indeed we must question the basic intelligence of the military brass . . .

(MRS.) MARGARET K. BURLIN

Chicago

Sir:

TIME reports on the reduction of Linwood C. Smith from corporal to private first class for helping himself to "five pieces of candy" from a box of chocolates in General Ridgway's headquarters . . . Omitted from this report, however, was the essential fact that Smith was reduced for leaving his duty post and for negligence in observing guard orders. As a member of a military guard, trust is placed in a soldier for unflinching execution of orders . . . Dereliction of duty on the part of a member of any guard is considered serious . . . A lower standard for the guard of the Commander in Chief, Far East Command, or for any similar headquarters, would be unrealistic. The pilfering of candy . . . is incidental except for the principles involved.

F. L. PARKS

Major General
Chief of Information

Department of the Army
Washington

Schuss!

Sir:

. . . Your Jan. 21 cover story on Andrea Mead Lawrence should bring you well deserved

*Anti-Catholic literature of the mid-19th century had no greater scandal-success than Maria Monk's *Awful Disclosures of the Hotel Dieu Nunsery of Montreal*, a massive volume of bogus reminiscences. Maria's mother later testified that her daughter had never been in any convent, but, because of a childhood brain injury, had been confined in a Montreal asylum.

**Quality of tone,
picture and cabinetry**



**the magnificent
Magnavox
television - radio - phonograph**

BETTER SIGHT...BETTER SOUND...BETTER BUY

The Biltmore's a



**Tradition
in so many
families**

Dad stops on business, Mother to shop, the youngsters on their way to and from school. They enjoy the superb accommodations, the exacting standards of service, the warm guest-and-host relationship that exists at The Biltmore.

At this splendid hotel, they know their New York visits are better visits. Yours will be, too.

Write for illustrated folder

**The
Biltmore**

Madison Ave. at 43rd St., New York 17

DAVID J. MARTIN, Manager

Elevator to Grand Central Terminal

Block from Airlines Terminal

other

Grand Central Area REALTY HOTELS

The BARCLAY • PARK LANE

FRANK W. REGAN, President

served compliments. I enjoyed it very much myself, as did others in our organization . . .

GEORGE L. GARDNER

U.S. Olympic Committee
Chicago

Sir:

Congratulations on your article . . . Please note that Chile has equally good skiing fields to offer at Farellones and Portillo . . .

CARLOS BRUNSON

Santiago, Chile

Sir:

Why confine to Europeans the understatement, "Skiing . . . is almost a way of life?" All that's good in your own country is typified by the genuine young Americans to whom skiing is a way of life. If the U.S. survives to become more respected, it will be due as much to the healthy attitude these considerate, sporting types spread abroad as to the pronouncements and resolutions of your city-bound Martini-swiggers and ivy-strangled scholars.

The U.S., which in the 20th century has replaced the great outdoors with the great indoors, can well look to self-reliant youngsters like Andy Mead to strip off the "decadent" label. They are the best ambassadors you have ever had.

HUGH QUETTON

Toronto

Real Fire Power

Sir:

TIME, Jan. 7 mentioned my participation in the Aberdeen (Md.) Proving Ground demonstration of the two new light-weight rifles being considered for adoption by our armed forces. In your excellent report you said "When the demonstration was over, even such hard-to-please riflemen as [Major General Julian] Hatchet [and] retired Marine Major General Merritt] Edson agreed that the U.S. had developed a first-rate new infantry weapon." . . . If this sentence were to portray my full appraisal of the rifle, it should have concluded with the phrase: "except for its ability to fire full-automatic."

It is my personal opinion, based upon my observations on the battlefield as well as on the training range, that no shoulder weapon should be equipped with an automatic firing feature. Such a weapon is another example of the common mistake of confusing "volume of fire" with "fire power." A shoulder weapon when fired fully automatic is inherently inaccurate. If aimed at all, only the first shot will strike with certainty near the target . . .

MERRITT A. EDSON
Executive Director

National Rifle Assoc.
Washington, D.C.

Land of the Future

Sir:

Permit me to congratulate you on the excellent [Jan. 21] article about Brazil. The illustrations in color are splendid, and the text will help your readers to a greater knowledge and better understanding of the rapidly growing city of São Paulo . . .

J. B. DE BERENGUER CESAR
Consul General of Brazil

New York City

Sir:

Maybe when the Brazilians south of Rio have made their million dollars in sufficiency they will look to the needs of their very much poorer countrymen who live in those filthy shacks so scientifically camouflaged by the magnificent buildings in and around Copacabana . . . From what I could see, Brazil, north of Rio, is as appalling as India, but maybe it doesn't smell quite so bad.

R. B. MARSH

Hull, Yorkshire, England

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"ONE-TWO" ACTION[®]



Each application of KREML
gives you two distinct actions

1 PROVIDES PERFECT GROOMING — The golden grooming agent controls the hair gently...lets you comb it exactly as you want it, and keeps it that way all day long.

2 CONDITIONS HAIR AND SCALP — The crystal-clear conditioning agent gives the scalp that "waked-up", fresh, stimulated feeling; removes loose dandruff flakes; helps cleanse the scalp.

When shaken, BOTH these agents flow out as one in perfect balance. Each does its job as if separately applied.

That's the secret of the soft, natural, non-greasy attractiveness of Kreml-groomed hair. That's the exclusive Kreml Hair Tonic formula that brings you good looks. Be sure you use Kreml.

Buy . . . **KREML**[®]

How much meat will America eat today?



- 600,000 pounds**
- 6,000,000 pounds**
- 60,000,000 pounds**

It sounds incredible, but sixty million pounds per day is the right answer . . . enough meat to fill 15,000 two-ton trucks!

Just as incredible is the smooth functioning of the complicated system of meat distribution. It puts all this meat *where* you want it, *when* you want it, and in the vast variety of kinds in which you want it.

Sixty million pounds of meat a day is a big order, and it takes a big industry to fill it. More than 4,000 meat packing companies throughout the United States contribute to the job.

And the truly surprising fact is not how *efficiently* they do it, but that they do it (and have been doing it for years) *at a lower service cost than for almost any other food.*

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE
Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U.S.

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

Last week more than 400 boys at The Hill School, in Pottstown, Pa., filed into class and study rooms to take part in an event which has become a regular feature of the school year—the TIME Current Affairs Contest. For an hour they mulled over the questions and marked their answer sheets. Then, while the rest of the boys enjoyed a free afternoon, the 25 members of the school's Press Club met at their office and graded the papers. By the time their schoolmates returned for dinner, mimeographed slips were in their mailboxes, reading: "Your score in the TIME Current Affairs Contest was—. The highest score in your form was—."

Since Jan. 4, similar scenes, with local variations, have been enacted at more than 450 private schools and junior colleges. Additional schools will hold contests between now and Feb. 22. Shortly after that, many of you will take a more difficult version of the same test, when it appears in TIME as the News Quiz.

Public schools in the U.S. and Canada which use TIME as a text or classroom aid will hold their contests in May, when another Current Affairs Test is distributed to schools and colleges. In September, a shorter, 50-question Summer Review Test is offered to schools as a measure of how well the students have followed the news during their vacations.

More than 2,000,000 students have taken the Current Affairs Test since January 1935, when the first test was given. Two months later the first news test appeared in the magazine and immediately proved its popularity with readers. More than 1,600 schools and colleges and as many more clubs and individual readers requested additional copies of the first test.

By 1936, TIME was inviting schools and colleges to hold contests. We offered prizes for school and class leaders. Many of the schools which responded to the invitation that year (among them The Hill) are still holding the contests.

"We think the TIME Current Affairs Test makes the boys conscious of the importance of knowing about world affairs," says James V. Moffatt, assistant to the headmaster and adviser to the Press Club at The Hill School. His

opinion is echoed by Dr. James I. Wendell, headmaster for 24 years: "It's a fine contribution to the stimulation of student and faculty interest in national and international affairs. It encourages the boys to read widely."

This year's prize for students who score highest in their groups is a three-inch, bronze medal (*see cut*). At many schools, the awards become part of traditional ceremonies at which student honors are announced. The Hill School, for instance, will present a TIME medal to the high-scoring senior at commencement exercises in Memorial Hall next June and to underclassmen on Junior Prize Day next September.

Faculty members and their wives are encouraged to take the test at The Hill and, at some schools, parents compete against teachers for top scores on the test.

Alvin C. Eurich and Elmo C. Wilson, originators of TIME's quiz, make up the 105-question Current Affairs Test with the cooperation of TIME's editors. TIME's Educational Bureau prepares an analysis of scores for interested school administrators.

Copies of the test are often sought by industrial firms, stores and service clubs. This year, many men in all branches of the armed services are also taking the test. After surveying 800 Information and Education officers, we found interest so widespread that 170,000 copies of a 50-question test were sent to military installations in this country and overseas.

TIME's tests will be more than successful if they produce anything like the enthusiasm shown by many readers who wrote in after our last News Quiz ran in October. Said a G.I. in Korea: "The generator failed, and we were left without electricity, so I worked out the quiz by candlelight." And a California housewife: "I love the quiz and take it each time with clammy hands and thumping heart exactly as if I were back in college and had to do well."

Good luck next time to them, to the students at The Hill and more than 2,000 other schools, and to those of you who take the quiz when it runs in TIME.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linn



Marten Ossen

World's Greatest Spring Vacation!

SUNSHINE CRUISES



to HAWAII • JAPAN
PHILIPPINES • HONG KONG



This year live like a king for six glorious weeks...swim, play, relax and soak up sunshine on one of America's finest postwar luxury liners between fascinating visits to the Pacific's most glamorous ports of call. First class fares from San Francisco and Los Angeles, returning to San Francisco, from \$1098 plus tax. Future sailings:

S.S. PRESIDENT CLEVELAND from San Francisco Mar. 17; from Los Angeles Mar. 19

S.S. PRESIDENT WILSON from San Francisco April 7 (Easter Cruise)

S.S. PRESIDENT CLEVELAND from San Francisco May 1

S.S. PRESIDENT WILSON from San Francisco May 20; from Los Angeles May 22
"Cherry Blossom Cruises"



Special Easter observances on

S.S. President Wilson, April 7

sailing, include Mass and non-

denominational sunrise services,

egg hunt, fashion parade, Captain's

reception, Easter breakfast, luncheon,

dinner, and evening entertainment.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT for invaluable

assistance in planning. His expert ser-

vices cost you nothing, save you time,

trouble, money. Or write Dept. T-22.



THE PRESIDENTS"

31 CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO 4

New York • Boston • Washington, D.C.

Chicago • Los Angeles • San Francisco • Honolulu

In a car



For example . . .

Value is a high-compression engine . . . you can tell how high by the compression ratio.



A compression ratio of 7.0 to 1, for instance, is considered high. The 7.0 to 1 means that the fuel-air mixture is compressed to one-seventh of its volume before it's ignited. High compression "squeezes" top performance from every drop of gasoline.



Value is high horsepower (HP.) too. One horsepower is the amount of power that would lift a 550-lb. weight at the rate of one foot per second. Plymouth has a 97-horsepower engine with a 7.0 to 1 compression ratio.

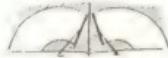


Value is also the way power is exerted. Combustion in the cylinder head should take place evenly and smoothly. The 1952 Plymouth is introducing an advanced engine head design that adds new smoothness and quietness to the flow of power.



Value is a starter that doesn't "kick out" at the first engine response, but follows through to give extra assurance of fast starts in all weather. This is another new feature being introduced in the new Plymouth.

Value is a lot of things



Value is the *electric* windshield wiper. Unlike the vacuum type, the electric doesn't slow down when you're climbing a hill or accelerating.



Value is the extra control of *two*, instead of one, hydraulic cylinders in the front brakes, where consistent, even action is important on a quick stop. It's also Cyclebond brakelinings that wear longer and provide more braking surface than the riveted type.



Value is a Safety-Rim Wheel that protects you in case of a blowout by holding the deflated tire firmly on the rim while you slow to a safe stop.



Value is the Oriflow shock absorber that gives you nearly three times the cushioning power of the ordinary type for a smoother, safer ride.



Value is a chair-height seat that lets you sit up naturally, with legs and back fully supported.



Value is an Oilitite fuel filter instead of the conventional sediment bowl. Located right in the gasoline tank, the Oilitite filter screens out water as well as dirt, protecting the entire system against freezing and clogging.



Value is a counterbalanced trunk lid that lifts at a finger-touch and stays up by itself. And a counterbalanced hood too.



Value is a door opening high enough so it doesn't mash your hat when you get in or out of the car. Also, doors that really open wide.



Value is the extra durability of special, super-hard exhaust valve seat inserts. They postpone the need for valve grinding for thousands of miles.



Value is a chain drive instead of a direct-gear drive for the camshaft. The chain spreads the contact over many teeth, instead of just a few, keeps wear to a minimum and provides quieter operation.



Value is small but thoughtful details like a window regulator that raises or lowers your window easily in only two turns.



Value is an oil intake that floats just below the surface of oil in the crankcase, drawing in only the clean oil that means long engine life.



Value is good service (1) available everywhere and (2) in step with engineering advancements. With over 10,500 Plymouth dealers — more than for any other make of car — you'll find Plymouth service in every community. Over 70,000 Plymouth servicemen are members of the Master Technicians Service Conference. This is "post-graduate" education in the latest mechanical developments . . . in the fastest, surest, lowest-cost way of finding what needs to be done — and doing it properly.



Your nearby Plymouth dealer would like to tell you more — and arrange a demonstration drive.

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Michigan.

PLYMOUTH

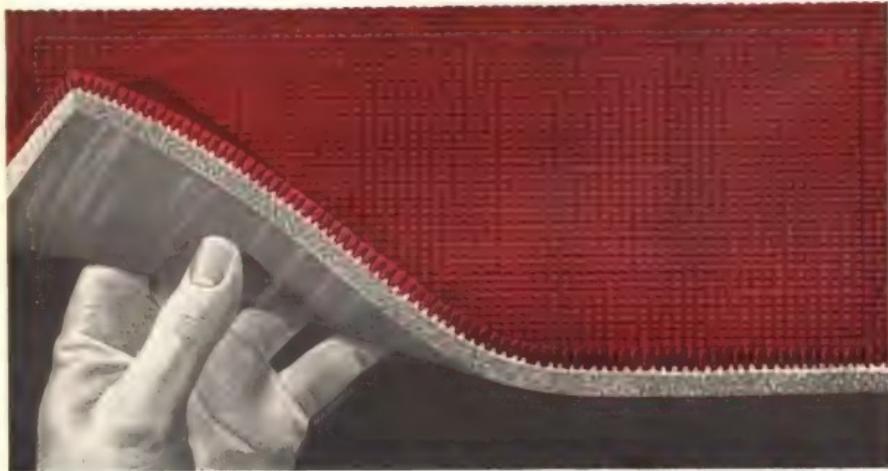
Equipment and trim are subject to availability of materials.





Extra cushiony underfoot

Easily repaired—Invisibly



"Adherence" in Largo Red, Pattern No. 2523

Why doesn't somebody make... a carpet with a built-in underlay?

Somebody does! With Naugatuck Chemical's extraordinary Kralastic® latex!

The Magee Carpet Company, using Kralastic latex as a bonding agent, was able to unite a quality carpet and sponge-rubber underlay for life!

Thanks to Naugatuck Chemical, Magee's wonderful "Adherence" always lies flat, needs no unsightly nailing at the edges! No sewing where strips are joined—invisibly! And worn

sections can easily be replaced, simply by cutting out the old piece and inserting a new one!

This carpet magic is another example of what happens when a progressive manufacturer teams his ideas and skills with Naugatuck Chemical's ingenuity and fine basic materials. Why not see how Naugatuck Chemical can help you solve old problems, create new products? Write today to the address below.

Naugatuck Chemical

Division of United States Rubber Company

42 ELM STREET, NAUGATUCK, CONNECTICUT

BRANCHES: Akron • Boston • Charlotte • Chicago • Los Angeles • New York • Philadelphia • In Canada: Naugatuck Chemicals, Elmira, Ontario
Rubber Chemicals • Aromatics • Synthetic Rubber • Plastics • Agricultural Chemicals • Reclaimed Rubber • Latices



Time for Courtesy

It's nice to pick up the telephone and hear an alert, friendly voice come over the wires.

It may be the familiar "Voice with a Smile" of the telephone operator. Or a friend or business

customer. Or a stranger you're meeting — and judging — for the first time by telephone.

Any time is a good time for telephone courtesy. But right now, when the rush is on and

minutes are scarce, it is doubly appreciated.

All 'round the clock it saves time and tempers and helps everybody get more things done, more quickly.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

February 11, 1952

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Rarest Emergency

For a few fleeting days of last week the thunder from Asia, Europe and the Middle East retired to quiet mutterings beyond the horizons. In the relative silence the U.S. heard—like the comfortable tickings of a grandfather clock—some of the nostalgic noises of old-fashioned normalcy.

The newspapers screamed the details of Manhattan's great \$14,800 jewel robbery (see Crime). Reporters overreached themselves to get something funny out of ground-hog day. In New Haven, Conn., a "beautiful blonde divorcee" was sued for \$25,000 worth of alienated affections. Politics spun their plots and counterplots and moved toward the inevitable day of decision. The stock market "ended the week on a firmer note." Even the latest crisis in Europe—serious as it was—had the ring of old cut glass: Germany and France were feuding about the Saar basin.

Closer to the heart, the new 1952 motorcars were being unveiled in a thousand showrooms across the land. Thoughts of steel shortages and skyrocketing prices went glimmering in the dazzle of chrome and the razzle of the "jet scoop hood," the "Quadri-Jet carburetor" and that glassy monument to planned frustration, the hardtop convertible. "It's loaded, so be careful," pleaded the Cadillac ads. "There's more power in that dynamic engine than you'll ever need—except for the rarest emergency."

Then, at week's end, Russia's Jake Malik shattered the mood with a thunderous cry from the United Nations in Paris,

Said he: "This world war has in fact begun!" Nobody got panicky, for the U.S. had for a long time suspected that this might be true. With a heave of its shoulders, the nation pulled itself together, wistfully pushed from mind the delightful thought that the "rarest emergency" was just a getaway race with the next V-8 when the traffic light flicked to green.

POLITICS

New Hampshire Primary

Tiny New Hampshire (pop. 536,000) is normally little more than a speck on the politicians' map of the U.S. It will send numerically unimportant delegations to the national political conventions; 14 to the Republican, eight to the Democratic. But last week politicians and pundits from coast to coast were carefully adjusting their fine tuning to get a good, 21-in. view of what is going on there. On March 11, New Hampshire will have the first presidential preference primary of 1952. It will be the first big test of Eisenhower's voter appeal v. Taft's.

* On other fields, where they thought they were "safe," the Taft forces last week were trying to shake off two small Eisenhower jolts. In a New Orleans primary, Ike's backers won ten of twelve contested seats on the Louisiana Republican Central Committee. The lame-duck committee, led by Taftmen, promptly tried to outlaw the primary on technical grounds, and the fight went to court. In Oklahoma, district conventions began electing the state's 16 delegates to the Republican convention. Five of the first six to be named are Ikenem. Taft Campaign Manager Dave Ingalls rushed into Oklahoma to find out "what happened."

The Eisenhower forces got an early start. The Republican organization, headed by Governor Sherman Adams, is hard at work for him. Rallies are scheduled featuring Massachusetts' Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, his brother Governor John Davis Lodge of Connecticut, Pennsylvania's Senator James Duff and former ECAdministrator Paul Hoffman.

Originally, Bob Taft did not intend to walk into this buzz saw. But that intention led to the inevitable accusation that he was afraid to stand up against Ike. Last month, Taft Strategist John D. M. Hamilton led a task force to New Hampshire to look things over, and announced "surprising and encouraging results." Taftmen noted with pleasure that March 11 is the annual town-meeting day, on which residents gather at churches, schools and town halls to discuss town business. Their fond hope: that a good percentage of the small-town folks will step over to the polling booths and vote for Taft. They were happy, too, when General Douglas MacArthur withdrew from the primary, with a comment which sounded like a slap at Ike and a plug for Taft. Said the general: "The immediate demand upon the citizens lies in the selection of a national leadership of demonstrated ability in the science of civil government . . ."

The political logic behind Taft's New Hampshire decision: he has much to gain there, and little to lose. If he scores a dramatic upset and runs ahead of Eisenhower, the Ike boom—especially the argument that Ike is a winner and Taft isn't—will be dealt a critical blow. If he runs close behind Ike, he can claim a mor-



News of the Day Newsman—International
RUSSIA'S MALIK



1952'S CADILLAC
A thunderous cry stopped the tick of a grandfather clock.

at victory. Taft would be seriously hurt if he ran third, behind Eisenhower and Harold Stassen, who also entered the race last week. The Ohio Senator was willing to gamble on that possibility. "Win, lose or draw," said he, "I . . . feel I should permit the preference vote to be taken."

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When the reporters asked McCarthy what attitude he assumed a cold and lengthy me dirty "If I sued everybody who was every Communist . . . I'd be suing every Communist in the paper, every leading Communist," he said. "If the country for libel and slander," he added in name, "the President wants to engage in name-calling, he can go right along with it. I can't imagine anyone being annoyed by the President calling him names." A few days later, McCarthy resumed his charges against Nash in a Milwaukee speech. "There is no issue more important than the

"There is no immunity," he said. "That McCarthy has been gravely damaged was apparent in Washington and Wisconsin." A Senate committee, fearing the McCarthyites would demand his removal from the Senate, got ready to shelf an investigation of Democratic Senator McCarthy's fitness to serve.

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As the Senate campaigns warm up, arithmetic rather than political trends provides the greatest odds against the election of a Republican Senate this year. Perhaps the G.O.P.'s year won't come until 1954. Then, 22 Democratic and only ten Republican seats will be at stake.

Unfading Old Soldier

In Pennsylvania, his friends and admirers have organized a "Fighters for MacArthur" group. In California, they go by the name "Americans for MacArthur." New Hampshire has a "MacArthur for President" committee. Texas has launched a "Demand MacArthur" movement which hopes to spread well beyond the Lone Star border. As one of its quietly enthusiastic sponsors, Dallas Printer William S. Henson, explained last week: "We've got a lot of little grass fires going all over the country, and there will be more of them by convention time. We aren't fighting anybody. We are just waiting." What they are waiting for: a situation in which Eisenhower and Taft supporters knock each other out in the Republican National Convention, leaving MacArthur in the center of the stage as the nation's best-known anti-Truman leader.

None of this means that Douglas MacArthur's hat is in the ring for the Republican presidential nomination. The general has repeatedly declared himself no candidate, a position he emphasized again last week by withdrawing his name from the New Hampshire primary (*see above*). Nor does it mean that a professionally organized MacArthur boom, or even boomlet, is under way. The G.O.P.'s state and local pols have eyes fixed on the Taft-Eisenhower duel; most of them are inclined to discount MacArthur's chances. The news, however, is that far more pro-MacArthur sentiment now exists than

most political observers thought possible six months ago.

Unshakable Respect. In Washington, Congressmen of both parties are well aware of MacArthur's latent popular appeal. After his dazzling return to the U.S. last spring and the dramatic hearings, he soon moved out of the public notice. Then, between sessions in the fall, Senators and Representatives going back home discovered that MacArthur had not faded away. The feeling is not enthusiasm so much as unshakable respect and confidence. It varies geographically, is most pronounced in the West and Midwest and least in the East.

One sign of the MacArthur sentiment has been observed again & again: speechmaking Republicans need only to mention the general's name, or to cite his stand on the Korean war, and the audience ap-

The few pols who think otherwise do not like to talk about it publicly. The best-known MacArthur-for-President professional is Massachusetts' Representative Joseph Martin; even he, last week, would not say more than: "There is tremendous sentiment for [MacArthur] throughout the country." Almost alone in speaking openly, Nebraska's Representative A. L. Miller predicted: "I look for MacArthur to be the compromise candidate."

The word "compromise" seems to have no basis in political logic. On no issue does the highly uncompromising figure of MacArthur stand at a point between Taft and Eisenhower. What people who speak of MacArthur as a "compromise" may mean is that the general has views similar to Taft's and a vote-getting glamour comparable to Eisenhower's.

The subject of all this speculation has



MACARTHUR & ADMIRERS*

The sentiment, said on old pol, was ethereal.

plause bursts out. One Congressman, after a recent tour of eight states, reported that everywhere MacArthur's name brought down the house. Another, an active Ike-man, observed: "MacArthur's reservoir of strength is enormous, far more than anybody in Washington can imagine." At a rally in Illinois, an applause meter registered most sharply when Candidate Harold Stassen promised that his first act as President would be to recall MacArthur to active duty.

Cautious Pol. Most politicians across the country can't see the general as a candidate, although they admit his popularity. Explained one California pol last week: "It's like a guy walks up to you with a new suit on. He asks you how you like it. You say it's beautiful. Then he says, 'You want to buy it?' Now, that's a different story. It seems to be that way with MacArthur. People revere him. But for President, I don't know. The whole thing's so ethereal. You can't pin it down."

convinced almost everyone that he himself is not a candidate. Douglas MacArthur does not think there will be a G.O.P. convention deadlock. And he is ready to campaign for Robert Taft down to the last whistle stop.

THE CONGRESS Freedom from Suit?

Declaiming last week before a Senate hearing on mine safety, John L. Lewis dealt with the killing and maiming of his United Mine Workers in such disasters as the recent underground explosion at West Frankfort (Ill.), where 119 men lost their lives.† The shaggy eyebrows quivered

* At the Manhattan ice show starring Barbara Ann Scott (right).

† Last week, near Greensburg (Pa.), another blast, 300 feet down, killed six miners, injured four.

al victory, Taft would be seriously hurt if he ran third, behind Eisenhower and Harold Stassen, who also entered the race last week. The Ohio Senator was willing to gamble on that possibility. "Win, lose or draw," said he, "I . . . feel I should permit the preference vote to be taken."

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Armed with the Senate's immunity from libel suits, the man from Wisconsin rose and fired a McCarthy wad at Philleo Nash, 42, Harry Truman's special assistant on problems of minority groups in the U.S. Said McCarthy: Nash was a member of the Communist Party in the early '40s, his home in Toronto once was a Communist spy rendezvous, and at one time he was "in close contact with the Communist underground in Washington." As his sources, McCarthy listed FBI and Loyalty Review Board files, which are supposed to be closed even to a Senator.

Nash, who owns a cranberry bog in McCarthy's own Wisconsin and was once a lecturer in anthropology at the University of Toronto, made a quick reply: "A contemptible lie," McCarthy, he said, apparently was stung by an anti-McCarthy ad in the Wisconsin Rapids *Daily Tribune* (circ. 7,052), signed by a group of citizens including Nash's sister, Jean.

Cold & Haughty. At his press conference, Harry Truman spoke up for the defense. This was just like all the attacks the pathological Mr. McCarthy has made on all Government employees he doesn't like, said Truman. "When he said he had information from the FBI," a reporter asked, "do you think he was telling the truth?" Counter-truth: Does he ever tell the truth? He doesn't need information to become a character assassin. Then the President glared and said that he was not talking with immunity from law suit.

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That McCarthy has not been gravely damaged was apparent last week in Washington and Wisconsin. A Senate committee, fearing the McCarthy wrath, got ready to shelve an investigation demanded by Democratic Senator William Benton into McCarthy's fitness to sit in the Senate.

Magnanimous. The news from Wisconsin was even more impressive evidence of McCarthy's political power. Governor Walter Kohler announced that he will seek re-election, thus made it clear that he will not oppose Joe for the senatorial nomination in the Republican primary.

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Dwight Eisenhower would help more candidates than Nominee Bob Taft. In Massachusetts, that fact is especially important. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., the Eisenhower campaign manager, could be expected to ride in easily with the general. But he may have trouble if Taft is nominated. Young (34) John Kennedy, a third-term Democratic Congressman from Boston, and son of Joseph P. Kennedy, one-time U.S. Ambassador to Britain, is tentatively eying Lodge's seat.

No senatorial contest has received more national attention than Missouri's. There James Kem, arch-conservative Republican, is expected to go after a second term. Attorney General J. E. Taylor, the only candidate so far for the Democratic nomination, offers no serious threat to Kem. But now Democrats are talking about W. Stuart Symington, the retiring RFC boss. Some liberal Republicans who don't like Kem's record, and a good many businessmen who normally would vote Republican, might go for Symington, one-time St. Louis industrialist. There has been speculation, too, that Kem might have to face the old master himself, that Harry Truman might step down and run for Kem's seat.

As the Senate campaigns warm up, arithmetic rather than political trends provides the greatest odds against the election of a Republican Senate this year. Perhaps the G.O.P.'s year won't come until 1954. Then, 22 Democratic and only ten Republican seats will be at stake.

Unfading Old Soldier

In Pennsylvania, his friends and admirers have organized a "Fighters for MacArthur" group. In California, they go by the name "Americans for MacArthur." New Hampshire has a "MacArthur for President" committee. Texas has launched a "Demand MacArthur" movement which hopes to spread well beyond the Lone Star border. As one of its quietly enthusiastic sponsors, Dallas Printer William S. Henson, explained last week: "We've got a lot of little grass fires going all over the country, and there will be more of them by convention time. We aren't fighting anybody. We are just waiting." What they are waiting for: a situation in which Eisenhower and Taft supporters knock each other out in the Republican National Convention, leaving MacArthur in the center of the stage as the nation's best-known anti-Truman leader.

None of this means that Douglas MacArthur's hat is in the ring for the Republican presidential nomination. The general has repeatedly declared himself no candidate, a position he emphasized again last week by withdrawing his name from the New Hampshire primary (*see above*). Nor does it mean that a professionally organized MacArthur boom, or even boomlet, is under way. The G.O.P.'s state and local pols have eyes fixed on the Taft-Eisenhower duel; most of them are inclined to discount MacArthur's chances. The news, however, is that far more pro-MacArthur sentiment now exists than

most political observers thought possible six months ago.

Unshakable Respect. In Washington, Congressmen of both parties are well aware of MacArthur's latent popular appeal. After his dazzling return to the U.S. last spring and the dramatic hearings, he soon moved out of the public notice. Then, between sessions in the fall, Senators and Representatives going back home discovered that MacArthur had not faded away. The feeling is not enthusiasm so much as unshakable respect and confidence. It varies geographically, is most pronounced in the West and Midwest and least in the East.

One sign of the MacArthur sentiment has been observed again & again: speechmaking Republicans need only to mention the general's name, or to cite his stand on the Korean war, and the audience ap-

The few pols who think otherwise do not like to talk about it publicly. The best-known MacArthur-for-President professional is Massachusetts' Representative Joseph Martin; even he, last week, would not say more than: "There is tremendous sentiment for [MacArthur] throughout the country." Almost alone in speaking openly, Nebraska's Representative A. L. Miller predicted: "I look for MacArthur to be the compromise candidate."

The word "compromise" seems to have no basis in political logic. On no issue does the highly uncompromising figure of MacArthur stand at a point between Taft and Eisenhower. What people who speak of MacArthur as a "compromise" may mean is that the general has views similar to Taft's and a vote-getting glamour comparable to Eisenhower's.

The subject of all this speculation has



MACARTHURS & ADMIRERS*

The sentiment, said on old pol, was ethereal.

pleasure bursts out. One Congressman, after a recent tour of eight states, reported that everywhere MacArthur's name brought down the house. Another, an active Ike-man, observed: "MacArthur's reservoir of strength is enormous, far more than anybody in Washington can imagine." At a rally in Illinois, an applause meter registered most sharply when Candidate Harold Stassen promised that his first act as President would be to recall MacArthur to active duty.

Cautious Pol. Most politicians across the country can't see the general as a candidate, although they admit his popularity. Explained one California pol last week: "It's like a guy walks up to you with a new suit on. He asks you how you like it. You say it's beautiful. Then he says, 'You want to buy it?' Now, that's a different story. It seems to be that way with MacArthur. People revere him. But for President, I don't know. The whole thing's so ethereal. You can't pin it down."

convinced almost everyone that he himself is not a candidate. Douglas MacArthur does not think there will be a G.O.P. convention deadlock. And he is ready to campaign for Robert Taft down to the last whistle stop.

THE CONGRESS Freedom from Suit?

Declaiming last week before a Senate hearing on mine safety, John L. Lewis dealt with the killing and maiming of his United Mine Workers in such disasters as the recent underground explosion at West Frankfort (Ill.), where 119 men lost their lives.† The shaggy eyebrows quivered

* At the Manhattan Ice show starring Barbara Ann Scott (right).

† Last week, near Greensburg (Pa.), another blast, 300 feet down, killed six miners, injured four.

with scorn, the spellbinding voice rolled out pedantic invective (a certain mine operator, he rumbled, was "retromingent"), as the U.M.W.'s president got to his main point: "the abominable and barbaric Taft-Hartley Law." Until Congress repealed it, said Lewis, the U.M.W. would be hampered in its efforts to make the mines safe. He complained that operators, under "Bob Taft's slave statute," could sue the union if union members struck against dangerous mine conditions while a contract was in force.

Taft, though a member of the committee conducting the hearing, was not around as his old U.M.W. friends let loose. (Lewis once said of him: "Taft was born encased in velvet pants, and has lived to rivet an iron collar around the necks of millions of Americans.") But the Senator popped up next day, just back from electioneering in Florida, to tangle with the waiting Lewis. Taft said that he was all for a federal mine safety law, but mine safety had nothing to do with the Taft-Hartley Act: "Mr. Lewis' statement is entirely irrelevant . . . entirely untrue . . . a complete red herring . . ."

The U.M.W.'s aging Thespian promptly rushed into debate with the Senator. Excerpts:

Lewis: I regret that Mr. Taft saw fit to challenge my veracity . . .

Taft: I did not challenge his veracity; I challenged his law . . . I went to Harvard Law School. One of the remarks that I remember [the professor] making . . . was that you could sue the Bishop of Boston for bastardy but you could not recover. The mere fact that a man brings a suit does not mean anything for my money.

Lewis: I suppose it would be quite immaterial the amount of time, money and

damage that occurred during the pendency of [an operator's] suit . . .

Taft: No citizen of this country is entitled to be free from suit for any cause. No person has that privilege, and no person should have that privilege . . .

Lewis: Since suits are in conformity with the principal motive behind the Taft-Hartley Act, which is a statute intended to permit persistent harassment of labor unions by these constant suits . . .

Taft: No . . . Your argument is, labor should never be subject to suit for any breach of contract, no matter how bad or unreasonable . . .

Lewis: I don't accept the soft impeachment at all . . . Labor unions should have an equality before the law with the artificial corporations which Congress has oftentimes been prone to protect too much . . .

Taft: If you have any place where you want equality, I have offered to sponsor amendments . . .

Lewis: If you are ever elected President and Joe Stalin asks you about the Taft-Hartley slave act, I don't know how you are going to explain it to him.

Taft (referring to his last re-election): My honest answer is the workmen in Ohio. That will handle Joe Stalin.

The exchange over, the Senator walked around for a handshake with the Mine Workers' great barn. Lewis chatted with Taft as if nothing had happened—and nothing had, except that John L. had given his *Schimpflexikon* an airing.

"Reconsideration"

The Senate was almost deserted last week when Democrat Walter George of the Foreign Relations Committee rose to speak: Would the Senate consider the treaty admitting Greece and Turkey to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization?

The chair called for a voice vote and six voices* answered "Yes." Five minutes after it hit the floor, the treaty was officially ratified and on its way to the White House for the President's signature.

The news brought a howl of indignation from the rest of the Senate. Minor treaties are frequently waved through without bothering to call for a quorum or recording the vote, but never had such an important treaty slipped by with so little notice. Hastily, the Senate asked the President to return the treaty "for reconsideration." This time, the quorum bells would be sounded, the roll formally called, and the approval of Greece and Turkey in NATO recorded with proper ceremony.

One for the Books

Illinois' Republican Representative H. H. Velde of Pekin, Ill., stepped up last week and introduced a bill calling for the wisdom of a Solomon, the patience of a Job, and the assurance of an H. H. Velde. It would require the Librarian of Congress to "mark all 'subversive' matter in the library [which contains nearly 9,000 volumes] and compile a list thereof for the guidance of other libraries in the United States."

INVESTIGATIONS

Let the Chips Fall (Lightly)

The cleanup job that Harry Truman promised for his malodorous federal house loomed as one of Augean scope when Judge Thomas Murphy backed away from it last December. The President seemed to have in mind a formidable probe and prosecution, a Democratic version of the Republicans' famed Teapot Dome inquiry. Last week the job turned out to be far less heroic in proportions. It called for a special assistant to the Attorney General, with powers only to investigate, leaving prosecution up to Attorney General Howard McGrath. After reportedly being refused by two other eminent lawyers (the late Robert Patterson and former American Bar Association head, Cody Fowler), the chore was accepted by Newbold Morris, blueblood reformist Republican from Manhattan.

Tall (6 ft. 3 in.) Yuleman Morris was one of the eager young men of Fiorello La Guardia's Fusion administration in New York. He served as president of the city council under the Little Flower (1938-46), ran unsuccessfully for mayor against William O'Dwyer. Morris has a gift for the pompous phrase and the ill-turned paragraph; as a reporter once said to him: "You were born with a silver foot in your mouth."

Last week, as he was sworn in by McGrath, Morris was plainly enthusiastic over his new assignment. He was convinced, he said, that the Attorney General and President would give him "a com-



Associated Press

INVESTIGATOR MORRIS & ATTORNEY GENERAL MCGRATH
A few mild cheers, a few unkind cuts.

* The six: Georgia's George, Texas' Connally and Washington's Magnuson, Democrats; Washington's Cain, Illinois' Dirksen and Idaho's Welker, Republicans.

pletely free hand" for "the biggest service I ever had to perform." He added: "My investigations . . . will be nonpolitical . . . Let the chips fall where they may . . . I am an inveterate and implacable opponent of . . . the spoils system . . . I am . . . just as anxious to clear the clouds that may be over any agency because of the misconduct of one or a limited number of employees . . ."

There were some mild cheers on Capitol Hill for the new special investigator, and also a few unkind cuts. The Senate subcommittee digging into sales at exorbitant profits of war surplus tankers let out reminders that a foundation headed by Morris is involved. (Morris has denied any personal gain from the transactions.) Michigan's Representative Charles E. Potter, an un-American Activities committee-man, accused Morris of having spoken before Communist-front groups ("Ainine," retorted Morris). Such G.O.P. men as Robert Taft and Richard Nixon could see nothing but a planned whitewash in the Morris inquiry.

Meanwhile, the House Judiciary Committee, reflecting a wide distrust of the Administration's pledge to tidy itself up, voted to investigate on its own the state of Howard McGrath and his Justice Department.

Testimony on Disaster

Veteran U.S. Diplomat John Carter Vincent has long been No. 2 on Senator Joe McCarthy's list of accused Communists in the State Department. Last summer ex-Communist Louis Budenz echoed McCarthy's accusation.

Home on leave from his post as U.S. consul and diplomatic agent at Tangier, the gaunt, silver-haired diplomat testified publicly last week in his own defense. Budenz, he told Senator McCarran's Internal Security subcommittee, was a liar; and we "cannot defend democracy with perfidy or defeat Communism with lies." Four days of questioning revealed little to support Budenz' charge.

On the other hand, Vincent's testimony bogged down when he tried to defend U.S. China policy in the '40s. As chief of the Division of Chinese Affairs, he had sponsored as his good friend Owen Lattimore as a State Department consultant. Now, he admitted, he knew better. Confronted with some of Lattimore's statements, Vincent found them "unrealistic . . . a clear misconception of Communism."

Vincent also testified that he had approved of U.S. efforts to promote a coalition government in China, one in which the Reds could participate. He had helped write the directive for the ill-fated Marshall mission that had tried to bring this about. Clearly, when his advice had counted most, Vincent too had misjudged the Communists.

In short, the testimony, while it failed to support the charges of Budenz and McCarthy, did confirm that Vincent had been one of the chief architects of a policy that led to a triumph for Communism and a disaster for the U.S.



Associated Press

JOHN CARTER VINCENT
Red? Not proved. Wrong? Admitted.

ARMED FORCES

Milestone

The U.S. passed a milestone which no American had cause to celebrate. On Feb. 1, the nation marked its 584th day in the Korean war, the same length of time it fought in World War I. In 584 days of Korea, the U.S. had spent \$10 billion and counted 105,000 casualties. World War I was a more expensive war—it cost twice as much in arms, more than three times as much in blood. But after 584 days the threat was removed, and the war was over. At Panmunjom last week, the truce talks droned on; the hills still echoed the crump of artillery, the ripple of machine-gun fire, and the hoarse cry: "Medic."

Housecleaning

In 1949, as part of the unification program, the Defense Department began the task of combining all the different items of equipment used by the Army, Navy, and Air Force into one standard purchasing catalogue. By last week, over 1,500,000 items had been identified. The catalogue was less than half complete, but it had already cost \$10 million. Some discoveries on the way:

- ¶ 200,000 kinds of lumber items are used by the three services.
- ¶ 12,000 types of window shades are catalogued, 9,000 of them venetian blinds.
- ¶ Horse collars and Civil War cannon balls are still carried on Army inventories.
- ¶ Some 800 types of screwdrivers are listed between four and eight inches long.

Phantom from the Deep

The night of Dec. 27, 1951 fell black and squally over Formosa Strait. Through the choppy waters, the U.S.S. *Higbee*, a 2,425-ton radar-picket destroyer, steamed cautiously on patrol. Her skipper, Commander Verner J. Soballe, dozed fitfully

in his sea cabin. But the *Higbee* was alert. Men on watch stood by the five-inch guns, and down below soundmen listened intently for signs of prowling enemy submarines.

Shortly before midnight, the *Higbee*'s sonarman sat up straight before his dials and scopes. Through the earphones came an unmistakable, high-pitched whine. He punched a floor switch with his foot, barked out an electrifying message to the bridge, "Torpedo sounds . . . torpedo sounds."

The Second Contact. Almost before he could give range and bearing, the *Higbee* was going into action. The officer of the deck rang for flank speed; the helmsman spun the wheel to comb the torpedo track. Alarm gonging, the *Higbee* heeled over, gathered speed. Captain Soballe tore on to the bridge; the crew clattered to battle stations.

Higbee's soundman lost the torpedo whine, but his probing sonar picked up a new contact: the metallic hull of a submerged vessel. Depth charges at the ready, the destroyer bore down on the contact. The captain ordered an uncoded message sent to CINCPAC at Pearl Harbor: "Attacked by submarine. Position: latitude 24° 36 min. north, longitude 121° 25 min. east. Am attacking submarine."

Halfway around the world, phones jangled in the Pentagon. The White House was notified. Top Washington officials waited tight-lipped for the next message from the *Higbee*.

On board the *Higbee*, the echo of the metallic hull came in loud & clear as the ship went in for the kill. The destroyer hunted back & forth, shotgunning depth charges left & right. Satisfied at last, Captain Soballe switched on his searchlights to look for wreckage. The stabbing white beams found nothing, but the sonar still pinged off a metallic hull resting on the bottom 180 ft. down.

Soballe fired off another message: "Have made attack . . . am assessing results."

In Washington, the Navy waited for a full report, and watched anxiously for other signs that World War III had started. When none came, the Navy began to doubt *Higbee*'s claim. Soballe was ordered back to the area next morning. He found an oil slick spread across the water—hydraulic oil of a kind used exclusively on submarines. That was not enough. The Navy knew how easy it was for an eager soundman to "hear" torpedo sounds and hull echoes on a lonely watch. False contact, declared the brass, and closed the incident.

Unanswered Questions. But other naval officers in the Pentagon were not so sure. What about the oil and the continuing echoes from the hull? Quietly, a small group of World War II sub captains got out old charts and started poking into the files. Their search led them to the record of another U.S. vessel that had fought a battle in Formosa Strait.

The name was a famous one: U.S.S. *Tang*, one of the Navy's most successful



United Press

SUBMARINER O'KANE
"A real thriller-diller."

submarines in World War II.* Captained by Commander Richard Hetherington O'Kane, the *Tang* had nosed into the strait on her fifth war patrol in October 1944. Within 24 hours, she had racked up a record submariners like to dream about. At 12:30 a.m., her radar picked up the first of two large Japanese convoys—three heavily loaded tankers, a transport, and a freighter. O'Kane eased silently into the convoy's wake and polished off the three tankers with five torpedoes. The transport tried to ram the sub. "It was a real thriller-diller," said O'Kane. Scuttling under her looming bow, O'Kane shot out four fish from the *Tang*'s stern tubes.

The transport swerved, crashed into the freighter. The torpedoes exploded against the two ships; both sank. O'Kane's score after ten minutes of action: five Jap ships on the bottom.

All next day, the *Tang* played dead on the bottom while Jap destroyers lashed the water overhead. That night, O'Kane found another convoy, sank two transports and a tanker. A blizzard of fire from the escort swept over the sub. "Things were anything but calm and peaceful now," said O'Kane. He fired three more torpedoes, blew up a Jap destroyer and a second tanker. A third transport, badly wounded, stopped dead in the water.

The Lost Torpedo. An hour later, O'Kane crept back to finish off the crippled transport. The first torpedo ran true. But the second broached. O'Kane saw it curving sharply to the left, rang for emergency speed, and began maneuvering to escape its path. The torpedo streaked around toward the sub. There was a flash of flame and the *Tang* went down. O'Kane and eight others were blown off the bridge.

* The Navy now has a new *Tang*, a sleek, snorkel-equipped boat built on the lines of the Nazi *XI*-class subs captured after the war (*TIME*, July 9).

Inside the hull only a handful of survivors reached the escape hatches.

A Jap escort vessel hauled the survivors aboard, clubbed and beat them unmercifully on the trip to Japan. Said O'Kane, who won the Congressional Medal of Honor for his action, is now assistant head of the Submarine School in New London, Conn.: "When we realized that these brutalities were being administered by the burned, mutilated survivors of our own handiwork, we found we could take them with less prejudice."

In the Pentagon last week, the submariners searching through the records for a clue to the *Higbee* mystery checked the position of the *Tang*'s last action. The files showed that she had gone down very near latitude 24° 36' min. north, longitude 121° 25' min. east, and in 180 ft. of water—the same depth and position as the *Higbee*'s phantom sub. The Navy is still skeptical, but the submen are convinced that Commander Soballe and his alert crew had stumbled on the scene of the *Tang*'s great victory and fought an action with the dead sub.

THE CAPITAL

Exit the Curmudgeon

One day in February 1933, Harold L. Ickes stepped off in Washington to take in the sights and to see if, by chance, anybody in the New Deal wanted to pay off political debt. During the campaign, Ickes had worked hard to organize Midwestern progressive Republicans for Franklin Roosevelt. But in the fever of pre-inauguration, nobody in the capital seemed to care—until Ickes bumped into an old friend who had connections. Next day Harold Ickes got a summons from the President-elect. "Mr. Ickes," said Franklin Roosevelt, "you and I have been speaking the same language for the past 20 years . . . I am having difficulty finding a Secretary of the Interior . . . and I have just about come to the conclusion that the man I want is Harold L. Ickes of Chicago."

For the next 13 years, Harold L. Ickes of Chicago ran the vast domain of the Department of the Interior, and anything else he could get his hands on. He was "Honest Harold," bristling with incorruptibility, and so suspicious of everybody that he organized a private detective force to keep his department strait-laced. He was the "Old Curmudgeon," with a belligerent aggressiveness, a flair for day-to-day administration, a childish temper and a tongue like a branding iron.

Early one morning this week, Harold Ickes, ill for many weeks, lapsed into a semi-coma at Headwaters Farm, his 200-acre Maryland estate, 15 miles outside Washington. He was rushed to Washington's Emergency Hospital with a fast-weakening heart. A few hours later, the Old Curmudgeon died at the age of 77.

Bottle of the Billions. Hardly a correspondent in Washington had heard of Harold Ickes when Franklin Roosevelt announced his appointment. Pennsylva-

nia-born, he had worked and scraped to get through the University of Chicago and its law school. Marriage to a wealthy divorcee gave him time to dabble in progressive Republican "trust-busting" politics, but did not alter his orthodox notions about the value of a dollar. The orthodoxy led to his memorable Washington feud with White House Favorite Harry Hopkins. Ickes wanted the Depression relief funds spent through his Public Works Administration on big projects that would pay for themselves, like TVA and the Boulder and Grand Coulee dams. Hopkins, the welfare worker, wanted to push out the money in makeshift WPA projects, so most of it would go directly into wages. They both shoveled out billions while they grappled for power, but it was Hopkins who eventually got the upper hand.

Few others who entered the bureaucratic lists against Ickes were as lucky. At the height of World War II, Ickes held down 16 major jobs, e.g., Solid Fuels Administrator, Coordinator of Fisheries, Petroleum Administrator. During his regime, Interior's budget expanded 347%, its payroll 160%. Once when the Senate voted to put a housing program under a separate agency, Ickes lashed individual Senators until (with an eye on public-works dispensations) they ignominiously reversed themselves the next day. In 1938 he stood off the State Department, the War Department, and even the President, in refusing to sell helium gas for Nazi Germany's dirigibles. (On Communists he was far less perceptive: in 1945 he scoffed at suspicions of Russia as "Goebbel's.")

The Cloud. Ickes stayed on with Harry Truman, but never felt quite at home. In 1946, when Truman tried to push through the nomination of Oilman Ed Pauley as Under Secretary of the Navy, Ickes re-



George Stoddard—Life

HAROLD L. IKES
A devastating sting.

signed with a dire prophecy. "This kind of political pressure spiritually wrecked the Republican Party in the days of Secretary [of Interior Albert] Fall," said he. And he warned of coming corruption as "a cloud, now no bigger than a man's hand, that my experience sees in the sky."

But Ickes' public fame rests principally on the devastating sting of his tongue. Early in the days of NRA he branded NRA Administrator Hugh Johnson as a man "with mental saddle sores." Huey Long, said Ickes, had "halitosis of the intellect—that's presuming, of course, that Emperor Long has an intellect." Candidate Tom Dewey, Ickes announced scathingly in 1940, had "just thrown his diapers into the ring." Then, in a poker-faced "retraction," he added, "what I should have said was 'rompers.'" For Candidate Wendell Willkie, Ickes struck off one of the great word caricatures of U.S. politics, labeling Willkie a "simple, barefoot Wall Street lawyer."

After he quit his job at Interior, Ickes tried his hand at writing a syndicated column for the New York Post, and magazine pieces—mostly for the New Republic. In his final New Republic article, written only a week before his death, he denounced congressional investigations of both political parties for "the wholesale dissemination of red herrings" to cover up "their fellow crooks, their political bosses and their grafting overlords."

It was typical of Ickes that he could accurately predict the corruption of the Truman Administration, and then denounce the men who uncovered the evils that he had predicted. Money could never corrupt Harold Ickes, but his character was somewhat corroded by an all-pervasive acid suspicion. He would rather have been right than President, and rather dignified than right.

CRIME

Three Sharpies

At first glance, the job suggested the professional touch of a career criminal. A man delivered a package of dry cleaning to the ten-room apartment on Manhattan's Park Avenue. Two hours later he telephoned to apologize—wrong address. Next morning two men showed up to reclaim the package; one of them drew a pistol and quietly invited the butler to instruct the doorman downstairs to admit their ringleader. Then they waited politely for their victim—Fashion Designer Mollie Parnis, 46—to finish a telephone call before they went into her bedroom. "You don't want to get hurt," said one soothingly. "Where are the jewels?"

Designer Parnis (Mrs. Leon J. Livingston) motioned to a dressing table, where she had tossed some of her jewelry the night before. She pleaded: "Don't take my jewels. I worked hard to get them . . . There's \$1,000 in my bag over there. Take that and I won't turn you in." One of the holdup men seemed to hesitate. One swore. The first one snapped: "Watch your language; ladies present." They ordered Miss

Parnis and her secretary into a bathroom, barricaded the door, and left with \$114, \$80 worth of jewelry, plus the \$1,000.

"I Just Froze." It was one of New York's biggest jewel robberies in years, and the newspapers were duly respectful. "Perfectly executed," said the Daily News.

Police Commissioner George P. Monaghan assigned 20 detectives to the case. Within 48 hours he proudly called newsmen, produced most of the loot, and the robbers, who turned out to be anything but professional. They were unemployed hoodlums, of the variety who are called "sharpies" and who wear a uniform—peg-top pants, sharply pointed shoes, Windsor-knot ties, tight blue topcoats. The ringleader was Joseph ("The Blimp") Paladino, 24. His accomplices: Joseph ("Jo-Jo") Guidice, 20, and Carmine ("Zoe") Zoccolillo, 21, also known as "Toothy"

ly to his feet, offered his hand to one of them and said: "We done a job and we failed. You done a good job and you get rewarded. I congratulate you, too. God bless you." The detective shook hands and mumbled, "Thanks, kid."

ILLINOIS

"Adlaiburgers"

Chicago's nationally known Blackhawk Restaurant, mecca of name bands and a generation of college boys, was closed down for two days last week by a city Board of Health order. Reason: the Blackhawk was selling horse meat camouflaged as hamburger.

The action capped a series of disturbing events touched off a month ago, when OPS discovered that Illinois racketeers were making fat profits by selling horse



N.Y. Daily Mirror—International
MANHATTAN JEWEL THIEVES (THE BLIMP, TOOTHY & JO-JO)
"Watch your language; ladies present."

because he likes to wiggle his pivoted front teeth. The plan was to rob the apartment on the first visit, but Guidice was scared of the butler. "I froze," he explained with the air of a peasant who had seen his king. "I just froze up there." On their "mistaken" package they left the label of a real dry cleaner for whom Paladino used to work, and that was their undoing. Employees of the cleaning establishment told police that the not-so-brainy Paladino had recently been asking searching questions about the Parnis apartment.

"You Done a Good Job." At the station house, after they had told all, one of the trio apologized to Designer Parnis. (Said she: "Poor boys.") Paladino earnestly told newsmen: "Put in the papers that we didn't hurt anybody on this job. Put in there that we had a gun and a knife but we didn't use it, and tell how the gun wasn't loaded." When Commissioner Monaghan announced promotions for seven detectives, Guidice jumped dramatically

meat (ceiling price 14¢) at the 59¢ ceiling for ground beef, Charles W. Wray was fired as boss of the state's Division of Food and Dairies after confessing that he had accepted some \$3,500 in bribes from the racketeers. Since then, nine of Wray's inspectors have been fired and four restaurants closed down. Five separate investigations are under way, and two grand juries will soon get into the act. This week Chicago's Chief Food Inspector Gustav O. Hermann, under fire from the municipal Board of Health, handed in his resignation.

His opponents hope that Democratic Governor Adlai Stevenson has been hurt politically by the disclosure of corruption in his administration; the Chicago Tribune promptly coined a new word, "Adlaiburger." And the sizzling scandal inevitably has produced almost as much corn as horse meat. Sample: the story about the counterwoman who asked a hamburger customer: "How will you have it—to win, place or show?"

NEWS IN PICTURES



U.S. PARACHUTISTS plunge down in test of lightweight (22-lb.) chute at El Centro, Calif., site of Navy-Air Force proving ground.



International
ROBOT WEATHER STATION, built by U.S. Signal Corps for use in Aleutians, radios data automatically to air bases 250 miles away.



Associated Press
OLD CAMPAIGNER "Muley" Doughton, 88, oldest member of Congress, accepts North Carolina's "call to duty" for 22nd time.



"TREASURE OF THE NILE." 984-year-old Cairo (pop. 2,000,000), returned to uneasy calm after recent wave of anti-Western rioting.

International

Aerial view, taken before trouble started, shows foreign residential area on Gezira island overlooking the Nile and city's teeming center.



YOUNG PRINCESS Anne, 1½, gazes regally through window of auto which returned her to London after visit in Sandringham.



OLD GARGOYLE John L. Lewis, demanding federally-enforced mine safety code, reminds Senators of West Frankfort, Ill. disaster.

FOREIGN NEWS

GREAT BRITAIN

"Really Up Against It"

Great Britain is perilously close to bankruptcy, and Chancellor of the Exchequer Richard Austen Butler minced no words about. "We are really up against it," he said last week. "Our lifeblood is draining away, and we have got to stop it."

In contemporary Britain, the job that wealthy "Rab" Butler holds might well be called Chancellor of Gloom. His two predecessors, schoolmasterish Sir Stamford Cripps and perky Hugh Gaitskell won admiration for telling people the worst. Last week Butler did the same, frankly and specifically, and added to his reputation as one of the fastest rising Tories. No orator, but respected for the cool clarity of his mind, Butler told the House of Commons how the Tories propose to slash \$420 million off Britain's imports—and that on top of the \$980 million cut announced last November, this is 1952 austerity, Conservative style:

¶ "Considerable reduction" in non-European imports of canned goods; "much lower" imports of clothing, furniture, toys.
¶ A cut in tourist allowances from £50 to £25 (\$70), saving \$35 million. (Continental resorts cried foul. Nearly a million Britons visited France and Switzerland last year; dozens of small hotels on the Riviera may have to close.)
¶ A slash of \$61 million in tobacco imports, while Britain smokes up some of its reserves.
¶ Reduced coal purchases from the U.S., to save \$7,000,000. Warned Butler: "This country must export, not import, coal."

Then Butler, warming to his cold duty, went to work on domestic expenditures:

¶ Ten thousand civil servants to be laid off (\$14 million saved).
¶ Information and propaganda services to be deeply cut (\$3,360,000 saved).

¶ Local sales of automobiles and trucks limited to 120,000 in 1952 (compared to 210,000 last year); meaning that most Britons would have to walk up to eight years, instead of five, for a new car.
¶ A one-third cut in the production of motorcycles, bicycles, washing machines, radio and TV sets: a new one-third down policy on installment buying.
¶ A virtual ban on steel for rebuilding blitzed British cities.

¶ A whole new scale of charges for National Health Service, sacrosanct to Labor's left wing: one shilling on prescriptions, for which, Butler glibly, he planned to use legislation "very conveniently left behind" by Labor: a \$2.80 fee for dentistry; charges up to one half the cost for surgical belts, hearing aids, wigs. Total saving: \$56 million.

The only hope that Butler held out is the kind that warms a banker, but only vaguely reassures despairing householders. During the last half of 1951 the U.K. was running a trade deficit at the shocking rate of \$4 billion a year. At that pace

the country would be broke next September, for gold reserves at year's end had dropped to \$2.3 billion. If the U.K. deficit is cut to \$280 million, other sterling countries will match that with a surplus and, promised Butler, "the whole sterling area would balance its accounts."

Across the aisle the Opposition stirred. First came ex-Chancellor Gaitskell, responsible, good-natured, sympathetic, though unable to resist quoting Tory election speeches which cried horror over similar shortages under Labor. The debate did not stay moderate long.

Rebel Nye Bevan, ostentatiously docile since the elections, leaped into action. At a secret Labor Party meeting, he had overpowered Leaders Clement Attlee and

to observe smoothly that Bevan was obviously still smarting from Churchill's wartime description of him: "a squalid nuisance."

Not everyone reacted so good-naturedly. The Tory *Daily Telegraph* charged that Bevan "unrepentantly insists that a free set of false teeth is more important than the national survival." When time came for the vote of confidence, the Conservatives won handily, 309 to 278.

Chancellor Butler was not through with his bad news. The next installment will come March 4 when, six weeks earlier than usual, Butler submits his new budget. But it is already plain that Butler and Churchill are determined to give Britain no soft answers for its hard problems.

Only 60 Britons had incomes of \$16,800 or more after taxes, in the year ending March 1950, the government announced. The year before, there were 86.

The Diplomat

(See Cover)

As the *Queen Mary* slipped into Southampton last week, British reporters begged Winston Churchill, "Could you give us one of your famous sentences? Whatever the outlook is, it's getting better" or something like that? Everybody is waiting for it."

Churchill's bulldog features broke into a grin. "I hadn't prepared any famous sentence," he replied, "but you may be quite sure that His Majesty's Government will do their duty, irrespective of whether what they do is popular."

This week in the House of Commons, His Majesty's Government was doing its duty and testing its popularity. Winston Churchill's most trusted lieutenant, Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden, faced the fire of M.P.s eager to know where Britain now stands in the world, how deeply it is committed, how ready to face the risks. Even in a week when the government confronted its people with the worst economic news in years (see above), such questions rained down upon the Tories. The economic news—of cuts and shortages and redoubled austerity—was of personal concern to every Briton, but, to this nation of 50 million people who once ruled the waves and still reckon themselves mighty, so were the decisions on foreign policy.

The Loyal Opposition had some sharp questions to ask of Churchill and Eden. The questions grew partly out of a unique new transatlantic fact: that Winston Churchill, after his talks with President Truman, should be in the position of pleading his case to two different parliaments—Congress in Washington, the House of Commons in London—each wanting a different set of assurances. Just what had Churchill promised the Americans? That Britain stands ready to join the U.S. in bombing and blockading Communist China if the truce talks fail? To



RAB BUTLER

Economist

From a Chancellor of Gloom, the worst.

Herbert Morrison, who were urging mild criticisms of Butler. Bevan, angry over the new health-plan changes, demanded and got a Labor Party decision to move a vote of no confidence against the Tories. It was Attlee in the House who was called upon to move the vote, describing Butler's proposals as "irrelevant, unnecessary and unfair"—but the language was Bevan's. Then from the crowded back benches Nye Bevan rose amidst a buzz of anticipation to show Leader Attlee how to conduct an Opposition case.

His economics were shaky but his performance was superb. It ran the gamut—cajoling, coercing, counseling, wheedling, joking, jeering. Enjoying the performance more than anyone was his chief target, Winston Churchill, who sat, fingertips touching with his hands slung between his knees, smiling benignly, occasionally rising to the bait in high good humor. Churchill roared Bevan, "is not fit for his office." At this point Churchill interrupted

his listeners in London, Churchill explained his words in Washington.

"I thought it better," said he, "to speak in general terms of the action we should take in the event of a breach of the truce, and I used the words 'prompt, resolute and effective.' I do not believe they were bad words to use. Certainly . . . they are better than 'tardy, timid and fatuous.'" He had made, he added, to the obvious relief of his listeners, "no final commitment."

Ready to March. One critical sector had eased. Egypt's flare-up had preoccupied Churchill on his homeward voyage; messages in cipher raced back & forth between the *Queen Mary* and Downing Street. Eden, who had flown back from Washington, worked late and long in emergency conferences. So did the War Office. Britain's strategic reserves on Cyprus were ready for transfer to the Canal Zone; the Mediterranean Fleet was alerted. If King Farouk had not put down the revolt, the British were prepared to move on Egypt. After Farouk's action, Eden turned to conciliation, said Britain was ready to satisfy Egypt's "legitimate national aspirations" so long as Britain's strategic interests were safeguarded. The British lion might be aging, but it could still roar.

Thus last week the Ministers to the King fought a gallant fight to arrest the decline of Britannia, to defend their course and to assert their strength. The battle was in the command of Winston Churchill, Anthony Eden and that grey, inscrutable institution, the Foreign Office. Churchill provided the guiding genius—the audacity, the grand sweep, the long view. Foreign Secretary Eden and his Foreign Office provided the tools—the machinery of persuasion and negotiation, the technicians to run it, the treasure of experience gleaned in decades of leading the world.

Six Elegant Feet. Eden and the Foreign Office are like a mirror and its reflection. In its 170 years (for the Foreign Office as such goes back only to the days of the American Revolution), the "Office" has been a way of international life, and a breeding ground of a particular kind of British character.

From the greying top of his head down to his polished boot-tips—a straight drop of six elegant feet—Robert Anthony Eden is the epitome of that character. Now a suave but grey and furrowed 54, the diplomatic "Boy Wonder" of the '30s sits in the red and gilt office of His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs as if it had been fitted to him by a Savile Row tailor.

His working day stretched sometimes to 16 and 17 hours, beginning usually with breakfast and a quick skim of the *London Times* in bed at 8, followed by a stroll to take the air in nearby St. James's Park. At his Foreign Office desk, his back to a glowing coal fire and a gleaming portrait of George III, he opened & closed a steady stream of red leather dispatch boxes in which the Office has traditionally handed about the cables, reports and



EDEN AT THREE



ETON SCHOOLBOY



YOUNG MAN OF 15



WORLD WAR I CAPTAIN



BRIDEGRoOM, 1923



WITH SON NICHOLAS, 1946

memoranda that link Whitehall with the rest of the world. Twirling his horn-rimmed glasses, massaging his eyebrows with finger-tips, he studied dispatches, scribbled notes, and conferred with assistants in groups of two or three at a time.

Occasionally, Eden telephoned to No. 10 Downing Street, or bounded across the street to consult Winston Churchill and other Cabinet members personally. One morning he flew over to Paris for urgent talks about French-German quarrels over European rearmament, and hopped back next afternoon. There was business also in the House of Commons, where Eden, the ablest Tory parliamentarian, is also in his element. There he sat languidly, stretching his legs, hands deep in pockets, his head on the back of the bench, and looking for all the world like a Hollywood casting director's conception of a brilliant, handsome, urban Tory Foreign Secretary.

Certain Sort of Perfection. Anthony Eden has spent much of his life grooming himself to preside with Etonian perfection over the technical machinery of Britain's foreign affairs. The process began before his birth. Windlestone Hall, a handsome, porticoed house in the northern county of Durham, where Eden was born, has been the family seat for four centuries. In the 18th century one Eden was in Parliament, two of his brothers were ambassadors, and a fourth governed Maryland.

Anthony's father, Sir William, 7th baronet of West Auckland and 5th of Maryland, was an eccentric who loved art, painted well, and despised politics, red flowers, the smell of whisky or tobacco, and the high-pitched voices of young children, including those of his four sons (Anthony was the third) and one daughter.

It was Eden's mother, a Sargent portrait come to life, who nurtured her son's interest in politics.

At Eton, Eden was a competent but not brilliant scholar, with a fleeting interest in theology. When World War I came, 28 members of Eden's Middle Fourth went, like him, into combat: nine were killed. Two of his brothers also were killed in that "slaughter of the finest," which robbed England of the flower of a generation. Eden went into the King's Royal Rifle Corps as a lieutenant at 18, came out of France a captain with the Military Cross.

At postwar Oxford he "took a first" (highest honors) in languages (Persian and Arabic), founded an art society, began collecting French art (his favorite: Cézanne), and fixed on politics as his career. He was assigned the "safe" Tory seat of Warwick and Leamington, in England's dead center, in 1923, and has held on to it handily in every election since. To the voters there, Socialists and Old Guard alike, he is still "Captain Eden." Good looks, a good brain and an influential father-in-law (he had married Miss Beatrice Beckett, daughter of an owner of the *Yorkshire Post*) caught the practiced eye of Stanley Baldwin.

Eden advanced fast, although not all the Tories were overwhelmed right off by his performance. "My God," exclaimed Winston Churchill many years later after listening to an Eden speech. "He used every cliché in the English language with the possible exception of 'God is love' and 'Gentlemen will please adjust their dress before leaving.'"¹⁸ He is still a somewhat soporific speechmaker, but in Parliament

* A ubiquitous sign in English public lavatories.

is widely respected for having that mystical quality known as "a sense of the House"—an ability to know when to parry, when to thrust, when to break off.

His reliability, earnestness and interest in foreign affairs brought him into the Office, as parliamentary private secretary to Foreign Secretary Sir Austen Chamberlain. "A first-rate second-rater," Chamberlain found him, "who some day may be a big man." By 1931, he had become Under Secretary.

The Eden Boy. The handsome, Homeric-topped Eden profile became familiar alike in ladies' magazines and in the chancelleries of Europe. For his speeches in the League of Nations he was called "that young man who wants peace so terribly much." In Berlin, he was *"Der Eden Knabe [the Eden Boy]"*. Mussolini marked him one of Fascist Italy's enemies, delighted in calling him "the best-dressed fool in Europe."

At 38, Anthony Eden became Britain's youngest Foreign Secretary in a century. He served Neville Chamberlain, though he was out of sympathy with Chamberlain's policy of appeasement. Chamberlain was determined to recognize Mussolini's conquest of Ethiopia, in hopes of an Anglo-Italian understanding. Through a secret go-between, he went so far as to negotiate with Italian Ambassador Dino Grandi behind Eden's back. In February 1938, after Chamberlain, Eden and Grandi had conferred most of one day, Grandi reported to Rome:

"Chamberlain and Eden were not a Prime Minister and a Foreign Minister discussing with the Ambassador of a foreign power a delicate situation . . . They were . . . two enemies confronting each other, like two cocks in true fighting pos-



EGYPTIAN DEAD IN ISMAILIA (IN REAR, CAPTURED RIFLES)
Between Downing Street and the Queen Mary, messages for a critical sector.

ture. The questions and queries addressed to me by Chamberlain were all, without exception, intentionally put with the aim of producing replies which would have the effect of contradicting and overthrowing . . . Eden."

Two days later, Anthony Eden resigned—with a characteristic lack of fire. A dramatic outburst against a policy he was certain would lead to disaster might have changed the course of Britain, perhaps of history. Instead, Eden chose to bow out with an undramatic, technical speech that quickened no bloodstreams and hurt no feelings. "I do not believe we can make progress in European appeasement," he said in its strongest passage. ". . . I am certain that progress depends above all on the temper of the nation and that temper must find expression in a firm spirit."

Still, in a world in which resignations on a matter of principle have gone out of style, Eden's act produced a thrill. "There seemed one strong young figure standing up against long, dismal, drawing tides of drift and surrender," wrote the Tory who was soon to step in to arrest the drift. "My conduct of affairs would have been different from his in various ways," Winston Churchill added, "but he seemed to me at this moment to embody the life hope of the British nation."

In the Shadow. The Churchill-Eden partnership grew out of that moment in 1938. Eden, installed once again in the Foreign Office in 1940, came through the war years with enhanced prestige and a conviction that after the peace "we must dare once more and do better." His cautious, sponge-like grasping for all the facts—a quality which causes him to treat a weighty decision like a hooded cobra—fitted well with Churchill's decisive, sweeping and sometimes impetuous dealings. Churchill respected Eden's qualities of polish and restraint, which he himself lacks; he designated Eden as heir apparent—though never ceasing to point out, with impish satisfaction, that Gladstone was 82 the last time he became Prime Minister. Eden, outwardly at least, seemed content to stand in the shadow of the Churchillian oak. If ever Eden has felt resentment towards his chief, the public has never seen signs of it. "Anthony is no Brutus," says a friend.

In the Conservatives' six bitter years of postwar exile, Eden became a trusted mediator between the Old Tories and the Young Turks who were coming to the fore. Even when Eden in 1950, after three years of separation, divorced his wife Beatrice on grounds of desertion, his popularity did not suffer. Divorce might have ruined the political future of a less respected man. Today Eden is the only big box-office draw which the Tories can boast, outside Churchill. Not only is he the most popular Tory inside the party—shortly before last fall's election, a Gallup poll showed 49% of Conservative voters favoring Eden as Prime Minister to 34% for Churchill—he is also by far the most popular with non-Tories.

The very qualities which make Eden

FAMED FOREIGN SECRETARIES



CASTLEREAGH

ing their working conditions. Shelley wrote: "I Met Murder on the way—He had a Mask like Castlereagh." In 1822, in a fit of depression, Castlereagh slit his throat with a penknife.

George Canning (1770–1827) was perhaps the most brilliant of Anthony Eden's predecessors. John Quincy Adams called him the "implacable and rancorous enemy of the U.S." Canning was rich, brilliant orator, wrote poetry, and was trusted by almost no one. First named Secretary at 37, he was unable to work in harmony with Castlereagh, then Secretary for War. Castlereagh challenged him to a duel in which Canning was shot in the thigh; both then resigned. He did not return to office until Castlereagh's suicide, 13 years later. Canning encouraged liberal movements in Europe, used British naval

power to keep France and Spain out of Latin America. He proposed a pact with the U.S.; President James Monroe instead unilaterally proclaimed a Monroe Doctrine. Later Canning made a famous boast: "I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old."

Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston (1784–1865), great practitioner of cruiser diplomacy, bulldozed British prestige to its highest level since Waterloo. Three times in office (for a total of 16 years), he was disliked by underlings, whom he bullied, but was popular with the public, to whom he was "Old Pam." Under Old Pam a belligerent Britain invaded the Crimea to keep the Russians out of Turkey, annexed Hong Kong, elbowed the French away from Egypt. He disliked everything un-

British; the Americans were "swaggering bullies."

Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoyne-Cecil, Marquess of Salisbury (1830–1903), was first named by Disraeli, headed the Foreign Office four times (15 years). He shrewdly played Russia, Turkey and the Balkan countries off against one another, kept peace in Europe. After Bismarck's retirement (1890), Salisbury was the most influential statesman in Europe. He made the French drop their claim to Egypt, and (as Prime Minister) brought the Boer War to an end. Salisbury was an intellectual, a wit, a student of theology and science, and a tolerant Conservative: "There is much," he said, "which it is highly undesirable to conserve."

Viscount Grey of Fallodon (1862–1933) preferred birds-watching to diplomacy; his friendship with Theodore Roosevelt began in their mutual interest in birds. A Liberal, Grey worked desperately to maintain peace in Europe. Once convinced of Germany's warlike ambitions, he promoted the Anglo-French-Russian Entente, fought for a British declaration of war (the invasion of Belgium swung British sentiment to his side). He made the secret treaty which brought Italy in with the Allies. It was Grey who looked out of his Foreign Office window at lightning-up time on Aug. 4, 1914, and said with melancholy prescience: "The lamps are going out all over Europe; we shall not see them lit again in our lifetime." Two years later he retired to his birds—which he could no longer see. Overwork had ruined his eyes.



GREY



CANNING



SALISBURY

charming and popular—the pleasant difference, the "all charm and middle-of-the-road" which is his trademark, the willingness to concede the other fellow's point—are also Eden's shortcomings as a leader. London's far-left *Tribune*, house organ of Nye Bevan's group, has editorialized: "Descent from the big Durham landowners . . . the usual progress through Eton and Oxford, a good war record. With as good grace as they can muster, the Tories accept his leadership—for lacking of a challenging competitor. So in the House of Commons, with blood-curdling yells, they watch him unsheathe his wooden sword and then subside again as he proves once more how much there is to be said on the other side of the question.

"He is the favorite gladiator of the Tory garden parties, the D'Artagnan of the drawing rooms, the man who storms into the contest with all the zest of Ferdinand the Bull. In brief, Anthony is the best of the bunch, even if his record has blotches, even if his platitudes pall."

Preferably Dukes. In the tight little world of diplomacy that Eden runs, things have changed, but not as much as in the outside world. Traditionally the British diplomat, discreet, reliable and unruffled, has come from the aristocracy, wearing the old tie of Eton, Harrow or Rugby and the casual gloss of Oxford or Cambridge. A candidate for the diplomatic service had to have a private income of at least \$2,000 a year. He stood little chance unless he had spent four or five years on the Continent, mastering French and German, Italian and Spanish. As late as 1943, he needed two reputable sponsors, preferably dukes, and had to survive a board of purse-lipped oldsters with a gimlet eye for the cut of a fellow's jib and the sturdiness of his pedigree.

Today a candidate from the outer reaches of British society may make the grade, but not unless he graduates fairly well (a "second class") from a university. Competitive exams usually knock out half the several hundred applicants. The survivors move on to a large old house on London's Chesham Place, once the Czarist Russian embassy, for a harrowing two-day grilling. There, in groups of six, the candidates show their paces before a government official, a psychologist and perhaps a university don. Each is required to make a speech, write a memorandum, chairman a mock committee meeting. The examiners no longer look so closely at clothes or manners. "Of course," said one, "if a man comes in with his hands in his pockets and smoking a cigarette before he has even asked to, he makes a rather poor impression."

As a final test, the candidate writes two brief descriptions of himself—as his severest critic and as his best friend would see him. Then he must give his opinion on how his fellow candidates would do as 1) civil servants, 2) holiday companions. Each year, about 25 survivors are picked as third secretaries in the Foreign Service. Many are already adept in that ancient talent of British diplomacy: the

ability to open one's mouth and move one's lips to emit words which give the illusion, but only the illusion, of a reply.

In the field, in the Home Office or in one of the Service's special schools in Slavic, Middle Eastern or Oriental languages, the third secretary gets his diplomatic education. He also learns that his hat should be a black Homburg or a bowler from Lock, his tie subdued, his shoes black. It helps to have a rich wife. For the guidance of young Third Secretary John Bull and his wife, an official in the Foreign Office service four years ago wrote a confidential manual of procedure. It was distributed, but hastily withdrawn. Sample advice:

¶ Avoid silence, especially at dinners. "On sitting down, Mr. Bull should without delay engage one of his two neighbors



WINSTON CHURCHILL
More than cruisers or boat hooks.

in conversation . . . Be careful not to fall into a vacant stare."

¶ Don't miss funerals. "In some countries, [they] are unrivaled as occasions in which to cultivate acquaintances. How many an interesting political connection was first conceived by a certain foreign head of a mission in a convulsive handshake in a funeral cortège . . ."

No System Is a System. But it was not small talk and tiny details that made British diplomacy so successful. In a recent speech, Harold Nicolson, a scholarly ex-veteran of the Foreign Office, got to the point. "Continental critics and admirers," he said, "are united in the awe with which they regard the skill, persistence and flexibility that our diplomats . . . have manifested in extracting advantage from the passions of less dispassionate countries."

The less experienced . . . attribute our deft gifts of maneuver to diabolical cunning, masquerading as stupidity. The more experienced realize that . . . our diplomatic tactics [have] been governed

by what . . . is really an infinite capacity for adjustment to changing proportions of power."

"What is the English system?" Frederick the Great was asked. "The English," he barked, "have no system." That "no system" has been a system in itself. Britain's foreign policy has been dictated not by planned ambition (e.g., Germany with its *Drang nach Osten*), by preoccupation with a single enemy (e.g., the French fear of the Germans), or frequent declaration of high-minded and distant goals (e.g., the U.S.). British policy has been to keep the sea lanes open, the trade doors open (at least to itself), and to balance world power by chipping away at any state or group of states that threatened to tip it. British diplomatic tactics have been to avoid long-range commitments, deal with problems only as they arise, seek not "solutions" but "adjustments," which can be counted on to last for perhaps ten years.

It was a policy which Lord Salisbury once characterized as "floating lazily downstream, occasionally putting out a diplomatic boat hook to avoid collision." A Socialist who had held high position in the Foreign Office said to an American correspondent last week: "We were like you once. When things really get tough, you just say, 'Oh well, a hundred million dollars will settle it.' In our case, it was cruisers. Some of the most awful mistakes were made, but then we would send around a couple of cruisers."

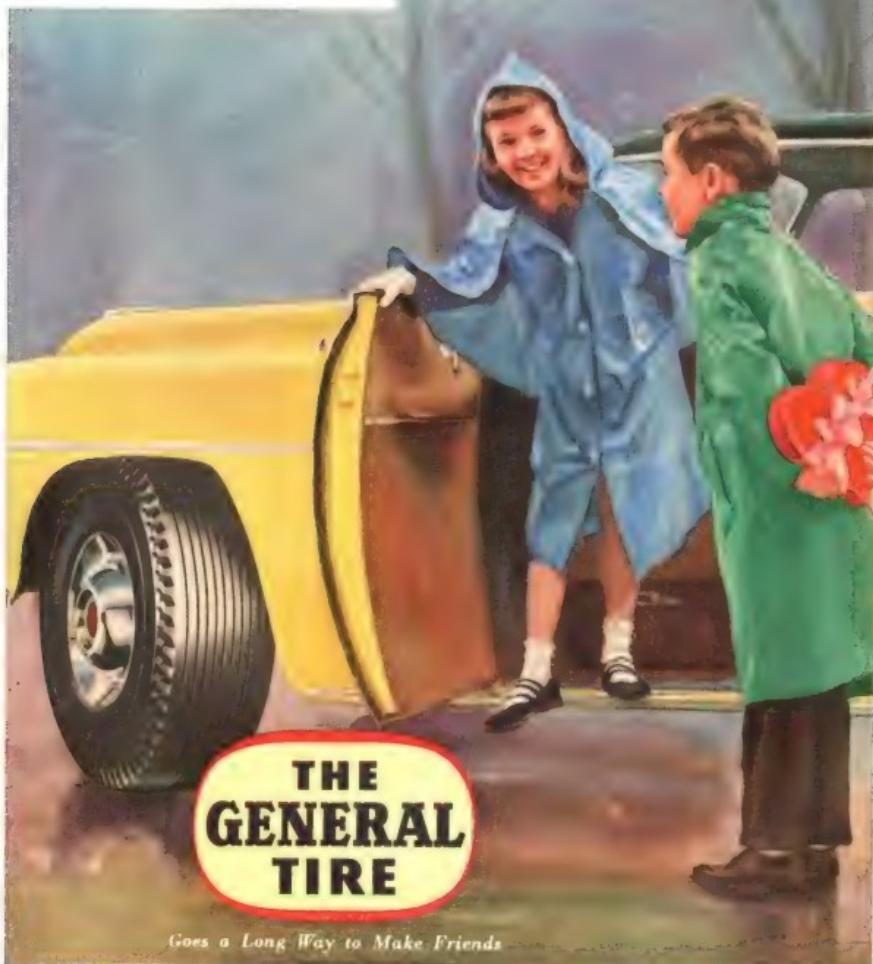
Boat hooks, cruisers and skilled diplomats can no longer save Britain from frightening collisions. It has been booted ignominiously from Iran, set upon in Egypt, ambushed in Malaya, even sniped at by Argentina. Burma has left the Commonwealth, Ceylon is thinking of leaving. Six of the great overseas Dominions are now as sovereign as Britain itself, legally bound to the mother island only by the thread of mutual allegiance to the Crown. India, though a Dominion, does not even recognize the Crown. Except for short periods, Britain has been unable to pay its way since 1918. At an alarming rate, its once-rich holdings overseas have gone.

But the ledger is not all in red ink. Britain still controls some 50 strategic colonies, territories and protectorates, totaling 7,068,170 square miles and 83,000,000 people, from Hong Kong to Basutoland to Trinidad. Also on the ledger, though written in invisible ink, is the abiding loyalty of its Dominions: Britain can count on them to help fight its battles and ward off its bankruptcy. An empire which, having lost so much, is still able to hold so much, still has some kind of toughness and durability in its diplomacy.

Partner Troubles. Knowing that their Britannia no longer rules the waves of current history, Winston Churchill and Anthony Eden crossed the Atlantic in December to call the U.S. to the rescue. "Britain and the U.S.," proclaimed Churchill, "are working together and working for the same cause." Privately, he recognized rifts. He felt that the U.S. now treats Britain as a junior partner, as

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one of a net of European allies; Churchill would not be dealt with as part of a blob. On their side, U.S. officials found Eden and Churchill, after six years in exile, dismaying out of touch with many of the facts of international life. In that time the U.S. has hardened its position, and perhaps its heart. Eden came to the U.S. full of conventional diplomacy. Was the gap too wide between East & West? Let there be small agreements with the Soviets, and upon them trust might be built. In that way, though still wary of each other, East and West might come to live together in peace, if not in harmony. It was the familiar British formula: adjustments, not solutions.

In the field, there were tensions too. Aggressive U.S. diplomats moved into places like the Middle East ready to admire their British opposites for their easy self-assurance and legacy of experience. But many Americans in the field found British diplomacy flawed by a sparse knowledge of what went on in the streets, and a blindness to the growth of nationalism.

Over & above specific differences hangs a divergence in national viewpoint: the fact that the U.S., by instinct and origin, emotionally responds to colonial peoples' cry for freedom—while its best friend is frankly in the colonial business.

The Impulsive Friend. This week in the House of Commons, Winston Churchill, with all his oratorical skill and Anthony Eden, with all his practiced adroitness, tried to reassure Parliament that the U.S. is an impulsive friend but a necessary one. They complemented each other, this bold 77-year-old and his loyal lieutenant, who faithfully conceals his occasional dismay at some of Churchill's drums and trappings. The best twelve years of Anthony Eden's political life have been lived in the shadow of Churchill, and not much grows in the shadow of such an oak.

But some day the oak may no longer be there. Then the model diplomat, capable and correct, must prove how well the British Foreign Office tradition of expertise and caution can adjust to the incalculable and wild demands of the second half of the 20th century. The answer must wait until Anthony Eden steps out of the oak's shadow.

EGYPT

Back from the Abyss

Egypt peered over the edge of the abyss, was frightened by what it saw, and drew back.

Cairo became calm again. Armored cars and cavalry ceaselessly patrolled the streets. Guards protected the foreign embassies. A special government communiqué promised to protect the "interests and freedoms" of foreign residents.

King Farouk and Egypt's wealthy ruling passahs had read the danger signal in the day-long, \$300 million mob orgy fortnight ago in Cairo's streets. It was no spontaneous outburst of patriots angered by the British troops who killed 46 Egyp-



Associated Press
HJALMAR SCHACHT
Only duffers suffer.

tian policemen at Ismailia the day before (TIME, Feb. 4). The riot was blueprinted and timed to the instant. Rioters struck at 200 different points within 30 minutes. Jeep-borne leaders coordinated the separate gangs, providing target directions, fuel and weapons.

Out of the Slums. Communists, anti-foreigner fanatics of the Moslem Brotherhood, and left-wing rebels worked together, directing the mob that swept out from Cairo's unspeakable slums behind the great Moslem divinity school of Al-Azhar. At that point, the irresponsible Wafid government, unable to control the mobs it so often had incited, fell.

The new Premier, 68-year-old Aly Maher Pasha, worked 12 hours a day restoring order. Simultaneously, he worked to ease the lot of the destitute whose unrest threatens Egypt. He cut kerosene and sugar prices, started investigations into rice and textile profiteering, ordered his ministers to give up their fancy limousines and limit themselves to one Ford apiece.

He also made receptive gestures toward the British. Ambassador Sir Ralph Stevenson was received in audience by King Farouk for the first time since Egypt abrogated its treaty with Britain in October. Maher Pasha announced: "We are ready to consider any understanding Mr. Eden might propose."

Toward a Solution. The crisis was by no means over. Egyptians, from King Farouk down, still wanted the British to get out; no Premier could yield on this and survive. But the old drift and truculence were gone. London also pulled back. Anthony Eden soothily told the House of Commons he thought it possible to find a solution that would satisfy Egypt's "legitimate national aspirations" without jeopardizing "the security of the free world." That solution rested on selling Egypt on a Middle East command, in

which Egypt, Britain, the U.S., France and Turkey would jointly replace the British as defenders of the Suez Canal. Aly Maher was interested, and guarded hope filled the air.

INDONESIA

Many Lives

Back in 1931, the satirical little German magazine *Simplicissimus* published a prophetic bit of verse. It went:

*And when we go to war at last,
Just fight and die, you duffer.
But win or lose, the war once past,
Be sure Herr Schacht won't suffer.*

Purse-lipped, stiff-necked Dr. (of economics) Hjalmar Horace Greeley Schacht,* the seeming epitome of bankerly rectitude, has always known how to land right side up. Under Kaiser Wilhelm II he was an ardent nationalist; when the Weimar Republic was popular, he was an ardent Democrat and president of the Reichsbank; when Hitler's strength grew, he became an ardent Nazi; "I met Hitler and told him I was for him."

Schacht, as Germany's economic czar from 1933 to 1939, provided the money and raw materials for the Nazis' war machine. But when Hitler crashed, Schacht stood in the war criminals' dock at Nuremberg and vowed: "I would have killed Hitler personally if given the chance." Commented Von Ribbentrop, no lily himself: "He sold himself to many people before, now he is selling himself to the Allies also . . .".

On the House. Schacht, the adroit, was acquitted at British insistence. He even turned his experiences to profit, sold more than 300,000 copies of his book, *Settlement with Hitler*, the biggest German bestseller since *Mein Kampf*.

Last year Herr Schacht, little the worse for wear and ever on the lookout for money, journeyed to Indonesia. The newborn island republic was hoping for an economic wizard to re-invigorate its lagging export trade and sickly home economy. Schacht and his prim wife put up at the rambling Hotel des Indes in hot, grubby Jakarta (with the government paying all his expenses, about \$20,000). For three months he labored.

His newly published 30-page report (not yet translated into English) contained none of the expected wizardry. It urged: welcome foreign capital; cut down controls which discourage foreign trade; shun elaborate social welfare schemes; decentralize factories, to avoid building a citified, slum-dwelling proletariat. Said a Western businessman: "Did they have to send Schacht here to find all this out?" Indonesia's Finance Minister snapped that he agreed with none of the Schacht report except that "Indonesia has a great future."

Into the Future. Last week Indonesia abolished foreign exchange certificates, but made it clear that it had planned to

* His father, during a six-year stay in the U.S., conceived a violent admiration for Editor Greeley.

do this anyway, with or without Schacht. It also devalued Indonesia's rupiah by two-thirds, against Schacht's advice.

Back home in Hamburg, undaunted, the Herr Doktor celebrated his 75th birthday and announced that he was considering an invitation from Egypt's government to survey that country's economy. When a newspaperman asked about his Indonesia report, he offered to show it to him—for a fee. "I've got to build a new existence," he said, beaming confidently.

THE SAAR

Expensive Tug-of-War

Just when it looked as if the French and Germans might forget some of their differences in the common peril, an ancient trouble spot set them snarling at each other. The spot: the smoky Saar basin, tiny wedge of the Rhine valley on the Franco-German frontier. Barely larger (743 sq. mi.) than Allegheny County, Pa., though its population (900,000) is the densest in Europe, the Saar has both strategic position and rich mineral resources, and it has been a tug-of-war ground for centuries.

German until World War I, a League of Nations mandate of the French for 15 years after, the Saar has been a virtual French protectorate since World War II's end. Its mines and foundries supply 20% of France's coal, 15% of her iron and steel. Yet its people are primarily German; in the 1935 League plebiscite, 90% of them voted for union with Germany. French High Commissioner Gilbert Grandval, an ardent Gaullist, was not content with tying the Saar to the French economy, with which it has a natural industrial affinity. He was also determined to de-Germanize the Saar's inhabitants. Children of German-speaking parents must study French in grade school. The franc is the medium of exchange. French occupation authorities also outlawed the Saar's pro-German Democratic Party, censored German newspapers, expelled Catholic priests who opposed the separation of the Saar from the German bishopric of Trier. So long as West Germany itself was destitute, Saarlanders cynically adopted the slogan, "Our hearts belong to Germany, but our stomachs feel for France." But as West Germany's standard of living improved, Saar stomachs as well as hearts felt drawn to the *Vaterland*. Last week matters came to a head when France gave Commissioner Grandval a fancy new title: ambassador to the Saar.

As the French explained it, this oddly timed maneuver was merely a pat on the back for ambitious Gilbert Grandval. Angry, German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer announced that German participation in the European Army would be impossible until the Saar's future is settled. Then he added a trouble-stirring threat:

there would be no German troops for the defense of Europe until German participation in NATO is assured.

German truculence revived old French fears. "It is time to teach the Germans that they cannot have everything," snapped one French diplomat. In the heat of nationalism, both nations seemed to forget that the Schuman and Plevé Plans, which both are pledged to join, were designed to make such squabbles old-fashioned and unnecessary.

KENYA

Imperial Emissaries

The crowd, chatting and milling in the red dust of Nairobi airport in Kenya, alternately looked at the skies and smoothed lapels. Titled whites exchanged greetings



KESTON
ELIZABETH & RELUCTANT "PRINCE"
The rehearsals were forgotten.

with African chiefs stiff in lounge suits, starched collars and shiny black shoes. Young Masai warriors, their headdresses bristling with the manes of lions speared in single combat, impatiently jangled the tiny metal rattles girding their ankles. An R.A.F. corporal dropped to his knees and gave the red-carpeted steps of a nearby date the final whisk-brooming.

Exactly 10 hours and one minute after Britain's King, Queen and Winston Churchill waved farewells at London airport, the British Overseas airliner *Atlanta* touched down and the British Empire's favorite emissaries, Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, began the first leg of a five-month, 30,000-mile tour that will take them to Ceylon, New Zealand and Australia.

Ivory Lips. For Kenya, prosperous, well-governed land of 225,000 square miles, lying squarely across the equator in East Africa beside the Indian Ocean, it was the first glimpse of a royal heir

apparent in 22 years. The British colony was determined to show that here, at least, 5,500,000 natives, 100,000 Indians and 30,000 Europeans lived as partners, sharing a common loyalty to their royal rulers.

Elizabeth and Philip drove slowly past a line of jingling African chiefs, sped to a new maternity hospital. There a solemn little Negro boy named Prince (because he was born the same day as Elizabeth's son, Prince Charles) waited wide-eyed, bouquet in hand. The Princess approached. The little three-year-old forgot all the rehearsals and admonitions, all spellbound, extended his free hand instead of the bouquet. Gently the Princess, who is usually more nervous than her greeters, bent down, took the bouquet and thanked him. The watching Africans were delighted.

That afternoon, at a garden party, the royal couple met, among 2,800 guests, red-turbaned Somali tribesmen, Masai elders in monkey skins, wielding flywhisks of horsehair, and a chief who sported, screwed into his pierced lower lip, an ivory pendant as big as a billiard ball. Elizabeth had still not overcome the nervousness noted on her Canadian visit, but Philip moved easily, chatted graciously, as though enjoying every moment.

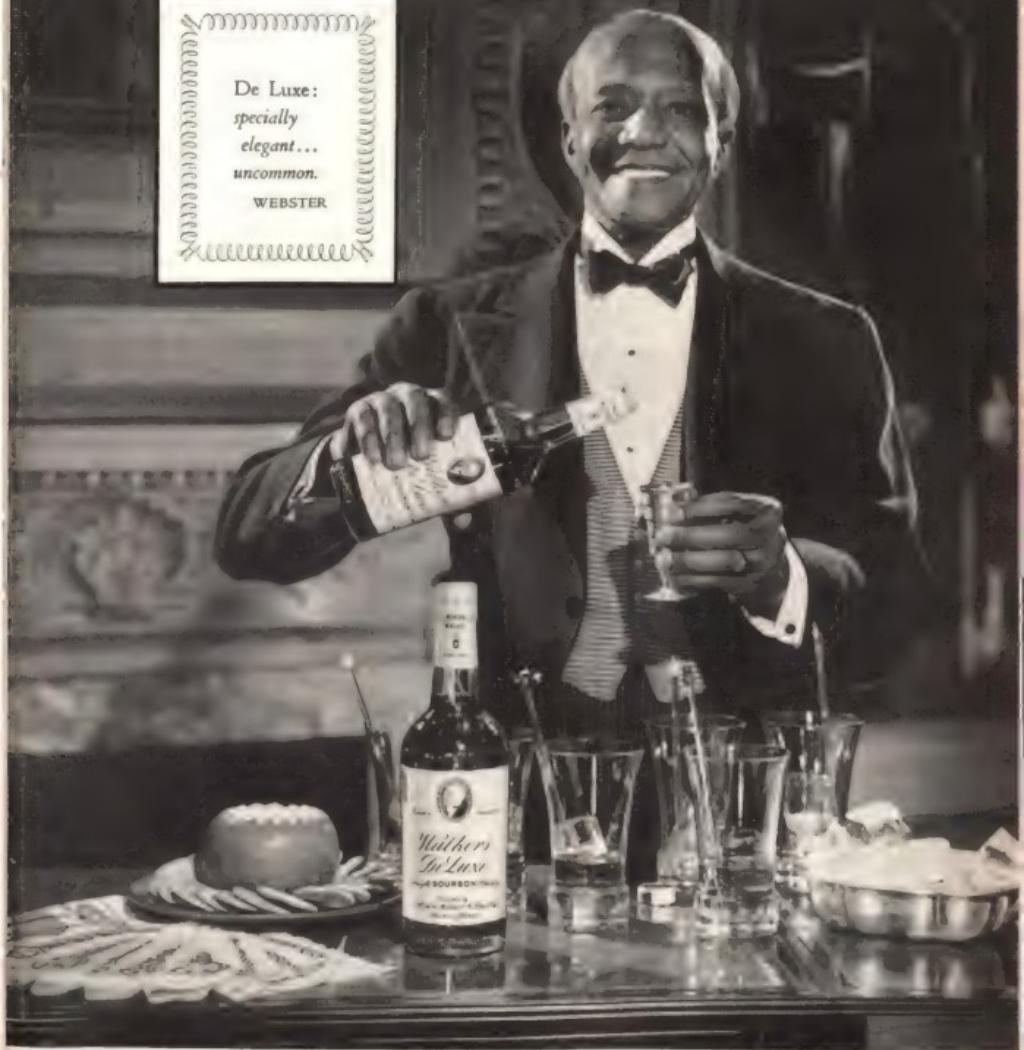
In the Treetop. At week's end, the couple drove 100 miles into the foothills of snowclad Mount Kenya for a four-day respite at Sagana Lodge, their wedding present from Kenya Colony, built of cedar and encircled by thick forest. They also planned a night's stay at nearby famed Treetops, where wealthy Europeans climb 35 feet into the air into a small, flimsy suite perched on massive fig-tree branches for a bushed, all-night watch on the unsuspecting elephants, rhinos, monkeys and baboons cavorting below beside a big forest pool. Though a barbed-wire barricade encircling the foot of the tree is supposed to keep the animals off, baboons easily got into the suite one night last week and ate two lampshades installed for the royal visit.

GERMANY

Verboten

From across the Iron Curtain, the warning came: Hopalong Cassidy keep out. Soviet authorities in East Berlin last week laid down rules for the kind of fancy-dress costumes school kids may wear during *Fasching*, the month-long Teutonic version of Mardi Gras. There must be no Red Indian and Negro minstrel costumes: "These are suppressed peoples whose fight for freedom would not be supported by such masquerades." Also verboten: cowboy outfits, which represent "materialist and imperialist tendencies." Recommended substitutes: "costumes of freedom-loving and progressive peoples like the Chinese, Bulgarians and Hungarians."

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INTERNATIONAL

BATTLE OF KOREA

Deadly Flak

The hottest fighting in Korea nowadays is the battle of U.N. planes against Red antiaircraft guns. The U.S. Fifth Air Force had some grim announcements last week: 111 fighter-bombers (56 Thunderjets and Shooting Stars; 55 propeller-driven Mustangs) have been lost to enemy AA, fire in the past five months. January was the worst month of the air war, with 52 U.N. planes lost in combat, and 44 of them were downed by flak. Already heavy and deadly, Red flak is growing constantly more so. Said a U.S. airman gravely: "The free ride is over."

At the end of last August, the allies started "Operation Strangle"—a sustained interdiction attack on the enemy's supply and communications. Sluggish at first, the Communists finally reacted, brought in more guns and better crews (some of them believed to be Russian or European). By last week the enemy had so much flak that it was strung out along the North Korean rail lines, in addition to the lethal concentrations around the important targets. In spite of the U.N.'s high losses, the battle has not been one-sided: since Operation Strangle started, the U.N. claims to have destroyed 900 Red antiaircraft gun positions, damaged 443 more.

The enemy has large numbers of big, radar-directed AA, guns, 88- or 85-mm. (and possibly a few long-range 120s or 155s; U.S. Sabre jets have occasionally reported flak bursts above 30,000 ft.). He also has an even larger quantity of smaller guns, 37- and 20-mm. cannon and 12.7-mm. heavy machine guns. And he has radar-directed searchlights, which can hold a night-flying U.N. plane transfixed. The U.N. is using newfangled electronic jamming against the enemy radar on the big guns, but the fact is that most U.N. planes lost to ground fire are downed by the Reds' smaller, radarless guns.

Operation Strangle has kept on hitting its targets, knocking out enemy guns and taking its losses in stride. Perhaps the operation was too optimistically named: it has not prevented the Reds from assembling enough men, arms and supplies for a major offensive. But it has undoubtedly hurt and hampered the enemy, and it may have deterred him from actually launching an offensive.

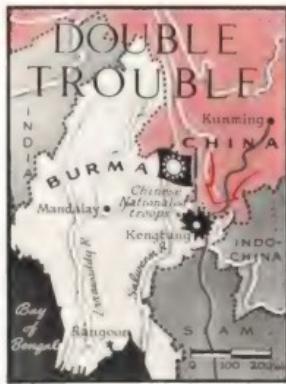
DANGER ZONE

Road to Mandalay

Anxiously eying Southeast Asia's vulnerable frontiers, the Pentagon has begun to fear that the next trouble spot may be, not Indo-China, but Burma. A rich prize and weakly held, Burma, which declared its independence from the British Empire in 1947, has a common frontier with Red China which its ill-trained, ill-equipped 50,000-man army shows no capacity to defend. Last week at the Paris meeting

of U.N., Burma, as well as Indo-China, was in mind when representatives of the U.S., Britain and France, one by one, got up to warn that any "Communist aggression in Southeast Asia would . . . require the most urgent and earnest consideration of the U.N."

Burma's ineffectual government, unable to control rebel Karen tribes and armed bands of local Communists, was also disturbed last week by the presence in Burma of remnants of Chiang Kai-shek's troops, led by General Li Mi. Defeated by the Communists in 1949, the Nationalist soldiers fled into Burma, last year made an unsuccessful foray into China's Yunnan Province. They now number about 10,000 men. Said Burma's U.N. Delegate U Myint Thein: "We are doing all we can to



get them out of the country, but every time our troops go into action they disappear over friendly borders or into the thick jungles and mountains . . . The People's Republic of China is alive to the . . . continued presence of what might be imagined to be the nucleus of an army for World War III."

Russia's U.N. Delegate Jacob Malik was quick to see and seize an opportunity. He charged that the Chinese Nationalist army in Burma is composed of six fully equipped divisions, "with an air supply line from Chengmai in Thailand, where a U.S. staff headquarters, comprising two major generals, seven colonels and 27 majors, is in charge of training."

The State Department denounced the charge for the nonsense that it is. The U.S. has no soldiers with Li Mi's army, has twice asked Formosa to quit supplying it with arms. Chiang Kai-shek's government insists that Li Mi is independent of them, and "we have no intention of making Burma a military base of any kind." Yet last week Li Mi himself was reported in Formosa, where he had flown on Christmas Eve.

UNITED NATIONS

Blackballed

From the beginning, the dreamers who created the United Nations thought of it as a place where all countries, good & bad, could meet and settle their differences. It did not work out that way: each of the two big blocs blackballed the applications of any nation on the other side. Last week at the General Assembly in Paris, the issue was joined.

Up for consideration were the applications of Italy and eight other non-Communist nations. Russia would agree to admit them only if the Assembly also approved the applications of Hungary and four other Russian captives. The U.S. called Russia's package deal a plain case of blackmail. When the vote came, Russia's package failed to win the necessary two-thirds majority, though the balloting was 22 to 21 in its favor. More important, 16 nations, including England and France, abstained. Technically, it was a U.S. victory, but obviously, a lot of nations still believe in admitting everybody, good or bad, to the club.

Treachery on the Record

"Russia's vows," said U.S. Secretary of State John Hay back in 1900, "are false as ducers' oaths when treachery is profitable." Though many now recognize this fact, it rarely gets formal acknowledgement by U.N. A dedicated little man, Dr. T. F. Tsiang, Nationalist China's U.S.-educated delegate to U.N., has been working for almost three years to get it on the record. Last week, at the General Assembly in Paris, he made his final try.

The facts were on Tsiang's side. In May 1945, Harry Hopkins, in Moscow to see Stalin, cabled President Truman: "Stalin . . . made categorical statement that he would do everything he could to promote unification of China under the leadership of Chiang Kai-shek." Then in August 1945, Stalin signed with Chiang's China a 30-year friendship treaty pledging that Soviet "support . . . will go exclusively to the National [Chiang] government."

Also on Tsiang's side—for the first time, and belatedly—was the full weight of the U.S. By a vote of 25 to 9, the Assembly found Russia guilty of flouting its treaty.

The victory was a little diluted. Siam amended Tsiang's resolution to condemn Russia for having "failed to carry out" the treaty—Tsiang's phrase had been "violated." Besides there were 24 abstainers, including France and Britain, "Academic" ho-hummed Britain's Sir Gladwyn Jebb, and likely to "open up old wounds." Greece and Turkey were the only Europeans to vote yes.

Said Tsiang afterwards: "I was horrified to see the abstentions. They take a stand against aggression but say the Chinese question is academic. Fantastic." Nevertheless, Stalin's treachery was on the U.N. record at last.

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THE HEMISPHERE

GUATEMALA

The Price of Caviar

To the Kremlin's Latin-American desk, Victor Manuel Gutiérrez, 28, must look like a veritable committee of Red partisans. Gutiérrez is: 1) a devout Marxist who believes that "Communism is one of the highest revolutionary ideals of humanity"; 2) a member of Guatemala's Congress; 3) a professor who teaches history to future teachers; 4) boss of a 50,000-member labor federation; and 5) chief of the Communist-line Revolutionary Workers Party. Gutiérrez had but one deviation: he sometimes indulged in the luxury of squabbling with José Manuel Fortuny, leader of a group of Guatemalan intellectuals and students calling themselves,



COMMUNIST GUTIÉRREZ
One last luxury was missing.

forthrightly, the Communist Party (TIME, July 16). Last December Gutiérrez was rewarded for his faith & works by a trip to Moscow and a chance to test the sleazy comfort of the Hotel Metropole.

Back in Guatemala last week, Gutiérrez burbled about his junket, and painted a picture of the Soviet Union as a place where "everyone eats well. I gained 15 pounds in 16 days . . . but lost three on my way home in underfed France." Last week, Gutiérrez disclosed the price of his caviar and cutlets. His Revolutionary Workers Party, he announced, must disband and join Fortuny's Communist Party.

Closing Communist ranks apparently was a tactical reaction to growing anti-Red sentiment in Guatemala. In December, Guatemala City elected a mayor on an anti-Communist platform. Since then, 176 anti-Red committees throughout the country have collected 100,000 signatures on a petition sent to the government demanding the dissolution of the Commu-

nist Party, because it clearly violates Article 32 of the Constitution prohibiting "political organizations of an international or foreign character." With Gutiérrez' followers in the fold on orders from Moscow, Guatemala's Communist Party was doubled in size and more foreign-dominated than ever. But at week's end President Jacobo Arbenz had not even replied to the petition.

BRAZIL

The Vargas Enigma

A year ago, ex-Dictator Getúlio Vargas took office as Brazil's constitutional President, thus completing an astounding political comeback. His return was hailed with greatest expectations by Brazilians who remembered his decisive ways and felt that their problems called for action.

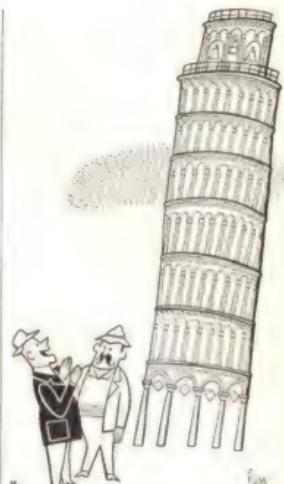
In his first year in office, President Vargas has done almost nothing. On none of Brazil's pressing problems— inflation, transport, oil, agricultural development—has he shown the initiative for which he was once famous. Some Brazilians guessed last week that he is just waiting for the right moment to make himself dictator again. Others say he is trying so hard to govern constitutionally that he lets a disorganized Congress mess up all his measures. But another story heard in Rio is that Getúlio, now 65, just does not care any more, that all he really wanted was the vindication of electoral victory.

The Cowboy & the Airplane

At handsome Euclides Guterres' home on the south Brazilian cattle ranges, the skies were not cloudy all day—till the flying machines came. Then, a few years ago, some smart fellows bought themselves a lot of little airplanes and opened a flying club just a hoot and a holler from the ranch where Cowboy Euclides worked. After that, the crazy things flew all over the place, diving at his cattle, scaring his pony, and impressing the girls so much that for the first time in Euclides' courtship life, the girls had discouraging words for a mere ground-bound gaúcho.

One day last fortnight, a little plane kept swooping low at his boss's house. How was Euclides to know that the pilot was merely trying to get the boss's daughter to come out of the house so he could drop her a love letter? Euclides got mad. Fed up with all flat-hatters, he rushed from the barn. Next time the plane came round for a low, slow buzz, he swung his trusty leather *laco*—and lassoed the plane's propeller.

Euclides was knocked to the ground. His *laco* snapped off. With 3½ metres of *laco* wound around his propeller hub, the startled pilot headed for home. Though the wooden prop was cracked, he made it safely. The flying club grounded him; the girl threw him over. And Euclides, the only cowboy ever to lasso an airplane, was once again the lion of the dark-eyed ladies of Rio Grande do Sul.



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PEOPLE

Trials & Tribulations

In Saigon, after a reporting tour of Indo-China, British Novelist **Graham** (*The End of the Affair*) **Greene** applied for a U.S. visa, ran smack into the clause of the McCarran exclusion act which automatically forbids U.S. entry to any alien who was ever a member of a totalitarian party. Greene's difficulty: during his Oxford days in the early '20s, he joined the Communist Party "as a prank," paid dues for a month before he dropped out, later to become a soul-searching Roman Catholic. In Washington, the State Department turned the Greene case over to the Justice Department, which has authority to allow exceptions in unusual cases.

London's Fleet Street produced its own spot of news: **Lord Rothermere**, 53, publisher of the *Daily Mail*, the *Evening News* and the *Sunday Dispatch*, filed a divorce petition against **Lady Rothermere**, 38, who did not contest the correspondence: Ian Fleming, 42, foreign manager of the Kemsley newspapers.

London's *Sunday Express* reported that King **George VI** had a new outdoor item in his wardrobe: an electrically heated waistcoat, made of khaki silk, ribbed with wires which feed from a pocket battery.

In Athens, at a charity benefit showing of the movie *Tales of Hoffmann*, King **Paul**, accompanied by **Queen Frederika**, hobbled to his seat on crutches. Nursing a sprained knee, which he had twisted recently on his yacht, the King insisted on keeping the theater date.

In Hollywood, **Errol Flynn** buckled when he should have swashed, tripped on the deck of a studio pirate ship, broke his ankle.



KING PAUL & QUEEN
After a twist, a hobble.



MICHAEL WILDING & FIANCÉE
Between divorces, an engagement.

Low Bows

At a little sunshine ceremony in Tallahassee, Governor **Fuller Warren** presented the **Duke of Windsor** with a certificate proclaiming him an honorary citizen of the state of Florida. There was no title for the Duchess. She is an American, the governor explained, and already "one of us."

In their annual floral tribute, all members of the House of Representatives and page boys came to work with red carnations (paid for by Ohio Republicans) in honor of the 100th birthday of **William McKinley**. Next day, everyone wore white carnations (paid for by the Democratic National Congressional Committee) on the 70th birthday of **Franklin D. Roosevelt**.

Representatives of the United Nations, including Israel and Sweden, gathered on a barren hill between Jerusalem and the sea, to plant the first tree of what is to be a pine forest dedicated to the memory of Sweden's **Count Folke Bernadotte**, U.N. mediator who was assassinated in 1948.

In Jodhpur State, India, barbers called time out for a rest after 300,000 residents queued up to have their heads shaved as a mark of mourning for the late **Maharaja of Jodhpur**, who was killed a fortnight ago in a plane crash.

In London, her parents announced that Lieut. **Hoyt S. Vandenberg Jr.**, 23, son of the Air Force chief of staff, had won the hand of Sue Rosannah Johnson, 19, daughter of Major General **Leon Johnson**, Medal of Honor man (the Floesti raid) and boss of the Third U.S. Air Force in Britain. They will be married at Mitchel Field, Long Island, after her father takes over his new job as commander of the Continental Air Command.

Women at Work

After Trunk Murderess **Winnie Ruth Judd** made her fourth escape from the Arizona State Hospital in Phoenix last December and was picked up within 24 hours, bets were laid that she would do it again within three months. Last week the bets were collected after police issued a terse bulletin: "Winnie Ruth Judd is missing . . ."

In Rome, **Ingrid Bergman** announced that she and her director-husband **Rober-to Rossellini** expect their second child in June. Said Rossellini: "We both hope our marriage will now be taken for the sacred, serious thing it is."

The day after her divorce from young **Conrad ("Nicky") Hilton** became a legal fact, **Cinemactress Elizabeth Taylor**, 19, announced that she would marry British Cinemactor **Michael Wilding**, 39, who is waiting for his own divorce to be final. Said she: "We are definitely engaged. We have no definite plans as to exactly when we'll be married."

Two and a half months after Metropolitan Soprano **Patrice Munsel**, 26, stoutly denied a tabloid report that she was romancing with candy-heir and television director Robert Schuler (TIME, Nov. 26), her parents announced their engagement and summer wedding plans.

In her flower-decked hotel bedroom in Nice, **Colette**, aging French novelist and short story writer (*Gigi, La Maison de Cloude*), sipped champagne, read some Maupassant and made a 90th birthday decision: "It isn't particularly funny to learn all at once upon waking up that one is entering one's 80s. But tomorrow I will forget and give myself another age, 58 for instance, because I have remained so much a woman. At 58 one still pleases . . . at 58 one has so much hope."



ERROL FLYNN & NURSE
Instead of a swash, a buckle.

PERSONALITY

(Of Britain's 50 million inhabitants, about 3½ million are Roman Catholics. The leaders of that church in Britain have traditionally included many men notable in the arts, public life, or scholarship—of whom Msgr. Ronald Knox, wit, popular author, preacher and Biblical scholar, is a brilliant example—Ed.)

AT THE AGE of 63, Monsignor Knox is probably the outstanding Roman Catholic churchman in Britain. He has recently completed the first Catholic translation of the complete Bible into English in more than 350 years. Novelist Evelyn Waugh has suggested that, as Biblical reading declines among non-Catholics, Knox's Bible may some day be the best-known version in English. Its clearness and freshness of style have made readers feel they were opening a new book.

Yet Knox was already famous when he sat down, more than twelve years ago, to his work of translation—famous as a preacher, as a scholar, as a writer of detective novels and as a wit, but chiefly famous as a man. In the years before 1914, when the first plays of Somerset Maugham were delighting London with their brilliance, Knox already had a reputation for his wit and his sartires against watery faith and confused thought.

He has always tried to be ordinary and unobtrusive; even his humor has been an exercise in humility, leading some to undervalue his serious work. But being unobtrusive was always hard, for, even at Eton and Oxford, he bagged his limit in prizes. His father was Bishop of Manchester. His brother was editor of *Punch*. Knox came from the old governing class and tried loyally to be the silent and sensible Briton that Eton and Oxford existed to produce. In 1912 he was ordained a priest in the Church of England; in 1917 he entered the Roman Catholic Church.

FIRM IN HIS own convictions, he has a deep respect for those of others, as a reporter found who came to him hoping for a strong statement on the rise of Dr. Buchman's "Moral Re-Armament" movement. All he received was a note, ringed around with Knox's usual qualifications ("It's possible that . . . I'm inclined to think . . ."), to the effect that a more emotional approach to religion was due, as there had not been one for over half a century. This is Knox's pet subject and for 30 years his secret preoccupation, which has resulted in a recent work, *Enthusiasm*. In it he examines the most violently emotional and "inspired" religious phases of the last nineteen centuries. Knox the quiet listener attends these outbursts with sympathy; Knox the priest notes them as heresies; while Knox the reticent Briton is surprised by such displays of emotion, and Knox the obedient Christian is puzzled by so much self-assertion.

Yet his conscience and his humor are always breaking the surface of convention. This unobtrusive cleric, when teaching at a seminary, left the high table to sit with the students, in protest at the inferior food they were getting. That is Knox, a modest and conscientious breaker of the peace.

These contrasts also persist in his appearance. He is the most unmiddle-aged of men, having the gaunt features and detached air of an old man, mixed with the shyness and sudden malice of a child. It is as though a Marx brother had become an archbishop, or even more impressive, an archbishop had the gifts of a Marx brother.

Between Christian humility and British reserve, there are times when he seems almost inarticulate. As Roman Catholic chaplain at Oxford, he used to crouch on a low seat, leaving the fire and the talk to his guests, moving only when one or

the other needed fuel. He has the reticence of the confirmed pipe smoker, for the British often use their pipes as stoppers to save them the trouble of opening their mouths, even choosing the slowest tobacco to keep them quiet. In a series of Oxford dialogues which appear in his *Let Dons Delight*, Knox makes a personal appearance, but his remarks are only indicated on the printed page by a series of dots. His conversation is not always as reserved as that, but when he does intervene with a witicism, his silent laughter suggests apology or even pain, rather than amusement.

His weakness for complicated railroad routes, crossroad puzzles and detective novels is more easily explained as the recreation of a naturally acute mind. Because he has a horror of propaganda, his whodunits (the most ingenious is the Knoxian title *Double Cross-Purposes*) are less theological than Chesterton's Father Brown stories. It is not true, as has been said, that you can always spot the murderer because he is sure to be a Catholic—though that too would be Knox all over; he would think it arrogant to make the hero a Catholic. Yet the London paper which once said "his chief interest in life is detective novels" certainly underestimated the intensity of his faith.

THE QUIET power of that faith comes out in his sermons. He has the same restraint in the pulpit, and the simplicity of his appeal to a congregation perhaps owes something to the Puritan past. But he is very far from the old Puritans in the gentleness of his manner. He and his listeners are "we," quietly discussing "our sins." Here the effort to be ordinary is no longer a strain. It is spontaneous and sincere. This genuine quality, even more than his intelligence, has made him

one of the best preachers in English.

His preaching has overflowed from the pulpit into the press; one Christmas the London *Evening Standard* set his version of the Gospel story in place of an editorial. Knox eyes Scripture with the news sense of a journalist: its characters are present in the world today. This vivid gift appears best in his small masterpiece, *The Rich Young Man*, the idea of which he had from a monk himself under a rule of silence. It relates how the man who went sadly away, "for he had great possessions," gambled his fortune and took to crime, ending as the Penitent Thief on the cross. This unexpected light on a familiar text is typical of a Knox sermon.

Knox has not reached his proper place in his church. Not everybody appreciates his humor.* There are some who agree with Dr. Johnson that "This merriment of persons is mighty offensive." Yet there have been witty cardinals before now. Knox would not want to be a cardinal, but it would please many beyond his own communion if he became one. Waugh has compared his career to Newman's, but Newman wanted recognition; Knox does not. Nor was Newman a humorist.

In his *Essays in Satire*, Knox "proved" that Queen Victoria wrote Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. Perhaps one day some researcher will amuse a future generation by asserting that *Essays in Satire* was written by the man who made the great 20th century translation of the Bible.

* One of the most famous of Knox's witicisms was a limerick on the Berkeleyan idea that things exist only when they have an observer:

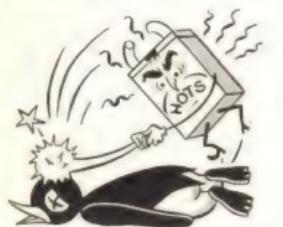
*There once was a man who said: "God
Must think it exceedingly odd
If he finds that this tree
Continues to be
When there's no one about in the Quad."*

It drew the anonymous reply:

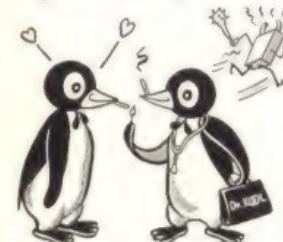
*"Dear Sir, Your astonishment's odd,
I am always about in the Quad;
And that's why the tree
Will continue to be
Since observed by Yours faithfully, GOD."*



When you're licked



By "hots", my friend,



**Smoke this smoother,
KOOL-er blend !**



TIRED OF "HOTS"?

**Smoke KOOLS as your
steady smoke for that
clean, KOOL taste!**

MEDICINE

The Oldest Profession

After digging into the social customs of 250 or more tribes scattered around the world, Anthropologist George Peter Murdock of Yale has concluded that prostitution is not the world's oldest profession. Psychiatry is.

Professor Murdock began by noting that prostitution (as distinct from mere laxity in sexual behavior) does not exist in any primitive society even today, but that the medicine man is universal. And the medicine man in aboriginal cultures is always a magician who practices faith healing. Though he may belong to a tribe skilled in the use of drugs like quinine, he usually leaves the practice of physical medicine to old men or women who become specialists as herbalists or bone-setters. The true medicine man, says Murdock, confines his practice to curing the ills of the mind. And surprisingly often, he succeeds. Psychoanalysis, Murdock finds, has much in common with primitive magic.

From this, Murdock considers it a short, logical step "to regard the medicine man as the lineage ancestor not of the physician but of the psychiatrist." Modern sophisticates who speak jokingly of their psychoanalysts as "witch doctors" are closer to the mark than they think.

Shocked to Life

Usually, when a surgeon gives emergency massage to a stopped heart, he soon knows where he stands: either the heart picks up and beats strongly, or it fails to. The case of Darline Timke, 21, a student nurse who became a patient at Chicago's Presbyterian Hospital, was different. After more than 100 minutes of massaging by four doctors working in relays, her heart still refused to settle down to a steady pumping beat. Instead, the muscles, manipulated through an incision in the upper abdomen, fluttered spasmodically and at cross-purposes—an effect known as "fibrillation."

What was needed, obviously, was a "defibrillator." Until recently, no such thing existed, and at the time of Nurse Timke's operation last December, none had been used in Chicago. By good fortune, a member of Presbyterian's staff, Dr. Don Fisher, had built one for himself with \$32 worth of electrical equipment. As the second hour of Nurse Timke's ordeal wore on, somebody in the operating room remembered Dr. Fisher's untried gadget.

Dr. Fisher had kept his defibrillator sterilized, ready for just such an emergency. It was rushed into the operating room, another incision was made in the patient's chest, and the machine's two electrodes were placed on opposite sides of her heart. A doctor pressed a button and sent a 110-volt, 1½-ampere current shooting through the heart for just half a second. Shocked, the fluttering heart muscles jerked to a sudden stop. Then, to the vast relief of the doctors, the muscles

began pulsing in a steady, even rhythm. Nurse Timke would live.

The next question was what damage, if any, had been done to her brain. Nurse Timke had been scheduled for a minor operation on her nose, to relieve sinusitis, when she passed out cold because she was supersensitive to a local anesthetic (buccalaine). It had taken 4½ minutes to open her diaphragm and begin heart massage. Afterward, the doctors could find no organic damage from oxygen starvation, but when Darline Timke first regained consciousness, she had slipped back through two years of her life. It was 1949 to her,



Chicago Herald-American—International
NURSE TIMKE & DEFIBRILLATOR
Her heart was offlutter.

and she was a senior at Downers Grove high school.

Last week, near recovery, except for a small gap in her memory (from the operation to New Year's), Student Nurse Timke was back on duty. She was thinking of switching from obstetrical to psychiatric nursing. Said she: "If I get along well in it, I might specialize in caring for amnesia victims."

Fracture No. 106

When Barry Giles was born, he had several broken ribs and a broken arm. When he was four months old, he broke a leg while lying in his cradle. Once a doctor examining one broken leg moved Barry's other leg and snapped it. Last week, Barry Giles, 7, was home in Willesborough, 50 miles from London, recovering from his 106th fracture: another leg break, suffered when his two-year-old brother bumped into him.

Barry Giles is a victim of *fragilitas osium* (brittleness of the bones). No matter how well-balanced his diet or how rich it may be in calcium, his bone-forming cells simply do not make enough bone

matrix. The result is that all his bones are thin, slightly porous and extremely brittle.

Barry cannot walk; he gets around the house by squatting on a roller skate and using it as a scooter. He cannot go to school, but a teacher visits him two hours a day. Barry's mother, a railway worker's wife, always picks him up by the hips rather than grasping him under the arms. "He seems to have developed a sixth sense about bumping into anything that might break a bone," she says. "Unfortunately, he can't anticipate other people's actions. When visitors come, he usually sits under the table. He finds that the safest place."

Mrs. Giles lives in daily dread of the



Brian Scott

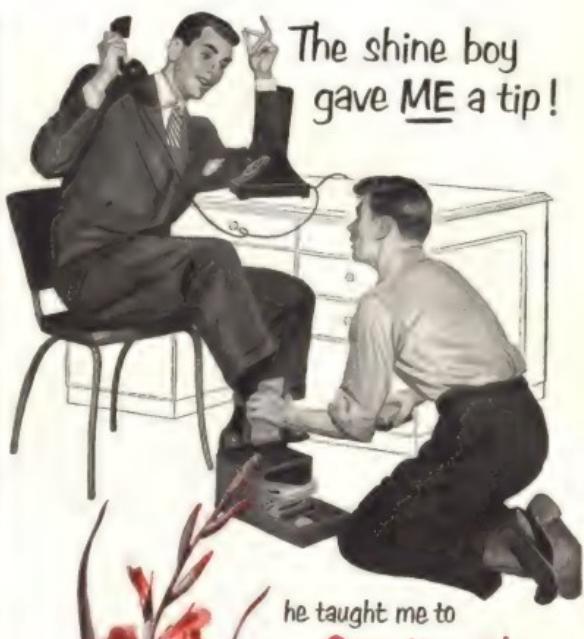
BARRY GILES
Under the table is safest.

dry, snapping sound that means another broken bone for Barry. But she takes consolation in the fact that although brittleness of the bones is thought to be inherited, Barry's four brothers are all normal. And Dr. R. R. Hunter, who has made a special study of the child, believes there is hope for Barry himself: many victims improve later in life. Then, too, they can be treated with sex hormones.

Ichthyotoxicosis

When the naval officer blew on his ice cream to cool it, the medics raised their eyebrows but did not laugh. Nor did they think he was wacky; he was just getting over a kind of fish poisoning which the medical profession calls ichthyotoxicosis. It is the only disorder doctors know of in which temperature reactions are reversed, e.g., a victim complains that his hot soup is cold, or that his ice water is scalding his tongue.

Why this is, nobody knows. Nor does anybody know why a victim thinks his teeth are loose when they are not. In fact, there are plenty of mysteries about ichthyotoxicosis, and the chief of them is that



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doctors do not really know what causes ichthyotoxicosis. It is not to be confused with poisoning caused by the bite of a venomous fish, however, or by eating stale fish in which bacteria have been at work. It comes from eating fresh, healthy fish, of species that have been used as food for generations, e.g., the amberjack that poisoned the naval officer.

In the Tropics. One notable case occurred on Saipan in 1949, when 55 Filipinos sat down to a feast of eel. Before the night was out, two were dead, one had to have his larynx slit to save him from choking to death, and the rest had suffered from a variety of symptoms ranging from vomiting, diarrhea and cramps to the staggers, paralysis and convulsions. Last February in Hawaii, there were 24 similar cases, all traced to fish imported from Palmyra Island. So far, there have been few clear-cut



RESEARCHER HALSTEAD
Ice water can be scalding.

cases reported from the temperate zone; nearly all have been from the tropics.

Last week a research physician named Bruce W. Halstead was hard at work at the College of Medical Evangelists in Loma Linda, Calif., sorting out a mass of puzzling data and trying to find answers. In his laboratory, four assistants were slicing little samples from the flesh, liver, intestines and gonads of a batch of frozen fish from Johnston Island. After grinding and centrifuging, a cubic centimeter of fluid from each sample was injected into the belly of a mouse. If the sample was weakly poisonous, the mouse got sick but lived; a moderately poisonous sample should kill it within 36 hours, and a strongly poisonous sample within an hour.

Across the Reef. Dr. Halstead has learned to take nothing for granted. Once he was testing two puffers, identical except that one came from Hawaii and the other from the Phoenix Islands. The Hawaiian fish was harmless. It seemed pointless to test the other, but he did so any-

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way: the mouse died in convulsions in 4½ minutes. In this case the fish came from waters 2,000 miles apart, but Halstead has found that fish taken on one side of a reef may be safe, while those on the other side, a mile away, are deadly.

Some fish live by eating marine plants and others live by eating other fish. Both kinds can cause the mysterious poisoning. Dr. Halstead's hypothesis: the poison comes from plants, with the fish-eating fish picking it up from the plant eaters. The poison itself is probably an alkaloid, but Dr. Halstead has not been able to identify it. Next month, Dr. Halstead will head for Okinawa and Japan to get fresh material for his study: the western Pacific is full of it.

Doctors' Dilemma

One of the two general hospitals in Poughkeepsie, N.Y. (pop. 40,000) is 200-bed St. Francis Hospital, operated by Roman Catholic Franciscan nuns.* Among the 160 doctors on the roster at St. Francis are many non-Catholics, and some of them are also members of the Dutchess County League of the Planned Parenthood Federation (birth control, etc.). It had been this way for years, and nobody ever did anything about it.

Last week seven non-Catholic staff doctors (three Protestants, four Jews) were told that they had 72 hours either to resign from the Planned Parenthood League or give up the privilege of practicing at St. Francis.

Dr. John F. Rogers had four patients in St. Francis Hospital recovering from operations. For their sake, he dropped out of the league. But, he added, he might quit the hospital staff when his patients were better. Drs. Martin Leiser and Paul M. Lass also decided to stay with the hospital. In his case, said Lass, it was all a mistake: he had never been a member of the league, had been consulted occasionally as a specialist in human fertility and sterility.

The other four physicians refused to quit either the league or the hospital roster; they said they would resist the hospital's ultimatum. Said Dr. Albert A. Rosenberg: "I am not going to resign from the parenthood league, and I shall continue to care for my patients in the hospital until I am barred from entering it."

Why had no action been taken for so long? Why the abrupt 72-hour notice? Hospital authorities refused to answer those questions. Said the Rt. Rev. Michael P. O'Shea, dean of Roman Catholic clergy in the area: "Everyone knows where the hospital stands on the question of birth control . . . I am certain that every doctor, every Christian and every citizen will realize that on a question like this we cannot carry water on both shoulders." Retorted a committee of Poughkeepsie's Protestant and Jewish clergymen: "The attempt to police the thoughts and personal actions of individuals . . . is un-American."

* The other: Vassar Brothers Hospital, named for Matthew and John Vassar, nephews of the founder of nearby Vassar College.



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RELIGION

Airborne Mission

Youth for Christ International, which has sent earthbound missionaries to Europe and South America, last week appointed Paul Hartford, 37, its first official Flying Evangelist. Airman Hartford's first Y.C.I. mission will be to the Caribbean. His basic equipment: a two-seater Cessna, tracts and leaflets to be dropped from the air, a public-address system for use on the ground or even in low, circling flight, and a Spanish-speaking interpreter.

Jesuit Growth

Looking back at 25 years of expanding missionary work by U.S. Jesuits, the Roman Catholic magazine, *Jesuit Missions*, gave its readers some striking statistics.

Twenty-five years ago, there were only 175 American Jesuits in the mission field; today there are 1,022. Twenty-five years ago, the mission territory of the American Jesuits was largely restricted to Alaska, Central America and U.S. Indian reservations. Today their territory includes Japan, the Philippines, the Caroline and Marshall Islands, Ceylon, Nepal, India, China and Iraq.

American Jesuits have inherited such fields as the Philippines and Ceylon from European provinces. Other U.S. Jesuit activities, e.g., the newly opened high school in Nepal, are in areas which have not been visited by any other Roman Catholic missionaries in modern times.

Today's 1,022 missionaries include an archbishop, seven bishops, 610 priests, 300 scholastics, 100 lay brothers. In their mission territories, the Jesuits run 15 colleges and universities, 23 high schools and vocational schools, supervise 66 other high schools and 249 elementary schools. Five seminaries have been set up for what the missionaries regard as their most important job: training a native clergy.

They have also busied themselves with the "social apostolate" of the Church. In Jamaica, for example, Father John P. Sullivan and Father Francis G. Kempel organized fishermen's and small farmers' cooperatives to pull their parishioners out of economic trouble. Father Walter Hogan's Institute of Social Order in Manila—one of five Jesuit labor-relations schools in India and the Philippines—has bucked Filipino industrialists on behalf of striking dock and airline workers (TIME, Mar. 12).

Jesuit Missions has grown pretty remarkably itself, from a circulation of 3,000 in 1927 to 136,000 today. Under Father Calvert Alexander, its editor since 1938, the magazine aims at an audience of Catholic laymen, sees to it that its articles (mostly on missions and missionaries) are short, informative and liberally illustrated.

But the magazine had almost nothing to say of its own growth. "This issue," it said, "is not the story of *Jesuit Missions* . . . It is the necessarily thin sketch of men who have labored in the greatest undertaking on earth . . ."

The Oldtime Guilt

When Evangelist Billy Graham began drawing crowds to Washington's National Guard armory with his prayer "crusade" (TIME, Jan. 28), most of the capital's Protestant clergymen looked on with either approval or polite silence. Not so the Rev. A. Powell Davies, pastor of Washington's socially prominent All Souls' Unitarian Church. Fortnight ago, in a sermon reported in Washington newspapers, Dr. Davies expressed Unitarian disapproval of Billy Graham's oldtime religion. Said he: "Heaven and hell, the description of God, the provision of a supernatural salvation—all these, at best, are mere assertions." He warned his congregation that too much talk of sin is apt to stir up



International

UNITARIAN DAVIES
Is heaven a 1,600-mile cube?

several varieties of "guilt feelings," with lamentable Freudian results.

Last week, in a letter to the *Washington Post*, Glasgow-born Dr. George Docherty, pastor of historic New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, took up Evangelist Graham's defense: "Unitarians may not believe in the Revealed Truth of God in Holy Scripture, but those who do may not all be living in a 'religious dark age' . . . Dr. Graham did not come to Washington to put 'guilty ideas' into the minds of the youth of the city . . . These 'guilt complexes,' so dear to the psychologist's heart, are as old as the Garden of Eden."

Answered Dr. Davies, citing some graphic samples of Billy Graham's theology: "I do want Dr. Docherty, as a mature theologian, to justify on orthodox grounds the assertion by Dr. Billy Graham that the three persons of the Trinity hold regular conferences in heaven . . . Then I would like Dr. Docherty as a



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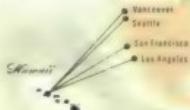
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MAUI - Ancient hula girls dancing absolutely barefooted to the beat of drums and the accompanying rhythmic chanting of harmonious chanters.



OAHU - With delicious pork roasted in an iron pot over a wood fire, a young village delicatessen boy (front) is a gay, smiling addition to the scene.



HAWAII - For centuries the gift of a flower has been the symbol of a friendly welcome and one of the most charming island customs.



KAUAI - Snaring fish with a throw net, spanning them under water, and lifting them in bags - usually nets are aged island shells.



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Aluminum's long life dates back to 1897 in the aluminum dome of Rome's San Gioacchino. Today aluminum assures years of extra life and maintenance-free beauty to farm, home and industrial buildings.

mature Biblical scholar . . . to support from Scripture Dr. Graham's assertion that heaven is a 1,600-mile cube containing trees that produce a different kind of fruit each month."

Evangelist Graham, possibly too busy, took no public notice of the controversy. Washington crowds were packing his meetings at the rate of 7,000 a night.

The Face of a Mystic

St. Teresa of Avila,* the 16th century mystic, never liked the picture that was painted of her at 60 by the pious but uninspired Fray Juan de la Miserias. "God forgive you, Fray Juan," she told him, "for having painted me so very ugly and stiff." But for more than three centuries Fray Juan's painting was the only likeness of St. Teresa the world had ever seen.

In Madrid last week, another one turned up that must have pleased St. Teresa more. A 14-by-20-in. oil painting,



MORENO, MADRID
THE AHUMADAS' "ST. TERESA"
"God forgive you, Fray Juan."

it shows her as a handsome, sensitive-featured woman in her early forties.

For 309 years, the painting has been the prized possession of the Ahumada family of Malaga, to which St. Teresa's mother belonged. Only a few friends of the family ever saw it. No one but the head of the house was allowed even to touch it. But now, short of funds, the family has put it on the market. Madrid experts have pronounced it a genuine 16th century painting by an anonymous artist of the Toledo school, and historians have vouched for the authenticity of an inscription on the reverse of the painting which traces its history back as far as 1643. Spain's board of fine arts is trying to raise money to buy it for the state. Asking price: 1,000,000 pesetas (\$36,500).

* Or, as a recent scholarly biography suggests the might better be called, St. Teresa of Gotárendura (TIME, Oct. 20).

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EDUCATION

Storm in Las Vegas

For a long time, everything seemed to run smoothly for Edward Eyring, president of a little (1039 students), state-supported New Mexico Highlands University in Las Vegas. A scholarly man with a Ph.D., from the University of California, Eyring worked easily with his regents and faculty for twelve years, had even been largely responsible for getting his campus accredited by the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. But last March Republican Governor Edwin Mechem appointed a new set of mostly Republican regents. From that time on, trouble has brewed at Highlands.

The board's new president, Dr. H. M. Mortimer, happened to be Eyring's personal physician, and Dr. Mortimer had his own ideas about running the board. "It seems," he said straight off, "that it is the great American institution that as the change of political sentiment goes—to the victor belongs the spoils." Among the spoils he and his Republican colleagues wanted: twelve university jobs to be filled by people recommended by the Republican County Committee.

Who's Crazy? At this point, President Eyring protested. He did not mind so much creating two new jobs—kitchen supervisor and first grounds supervisor—which had never existed before. Nor did he mind that one Republican committee man had recommended himself for one of these posts. But to fill the other jobs, he said, would mean firing ten loyal employees. This he refused to do.

At first, the board seemed to accept Eyring's argument. But it never again seemed to want to accept Eyring himself. It began to meet without him, often neglected to tell him what it had decided.



John Lennom

HIGHLANDS' EYRING
Too many presidents.



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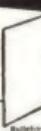
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BURSCHENSHAFTEN CELEBRATION
Back from the underground.

Fritz Paul

One day the board abruptly proposed that Eyring be fired. "Medically speaking," Dr. Mortimer announced, "Eyring is psychoneurotic."

No such thing, cried Eyring: "Psychiatric quackery!" His wife and friends protested too. Indeed, said they, the whole thing seemed to be nothing but a Mortimer plot. Friends testified that one board member's wife had been overheard to declare that the board would "drive Eyring crazy, if he wasn't crazy already." Meanwhile, Mortimer's sister, who happened to be Eyring's secretary, was deliberately trying to sabotage him. Eyring charged, by turning away visitors to his office.

Whose Office? In the face of these protests, the board decided to compromise. Instead of firing the president, it sent him on a leave of absence for a rest. But when he returned last fall, the trouble started all over again. Eyring hired a lawyer, got testimony from a reputable psychiatrist that he was perfectly sound. Then, fully armed, he marched to a faculty meeting and denounced the board. After that, the board fired him and announced it was putting Professor Lish Hosford of the philosophy department in his place.

Since there had been no hearing, Eyring declared the dismissal illegal. Thereupon, the board about-faced, held a quick hearing, and fired him again. Eyring still refused to go, kept right on reporting to his office as before. Finally, President Hosford had him arrested for disturbing the peace and for disorderly conduct.

Last week Highlands was still torn between its two presidents. Some facultymen wished that, right or wrong, Eyring would bow out quietly. But Eyring had no such intention. "If they can fire a president without a trial in this highhanded manner," said he, "what will they do with mere faculty members?" Last week the North Central Association started an investigation to find out.

The Tie of Blood

In a hillside inn overlooking the George August University of Göttingen, Germany, students sat around a table one night last week drinking beer. They were dressed in their Sunday best; but each also sported a brightly colored cap, and each wore across his chest a brightly colored ribbon. These were the regalia of the *Burschenschaften*—the ancient dueling corporations that were banned after the war. For the first time in six years, Göttingen's corporations were holding their semester convention right out in the open.

Rector Wolfgang Trillhaas was with the students, but he was not sure that he approved. "Personally," said Trillhaas over the clatter of steins, "I remain against these customs. But as long as you do not disturb the normal routine of university life, I am prepared to tolerate them." The fact was that Rector Trillhaas did not have much choice. With or without official sanction, the *Burschenschaften* were once again flourishing all over Western Germany.

Brawl to Ritual. Once they had been the center of student life. They were born in the late 18th century, when students, armed with daggers and pikes, still staged a bloody brawl whenever they had a mind to. The purpose of the corporations was to eliminate most of the bloodshed. As it turned out, they merely ritualized it.

The corporations gradually settled into a rigid pattern. They admitted only the most socially acceptable students, taught them drinking and dueling, kept a fatherly eye on them ever after. Each new member (fox) had to prove himself in at least two duels; after becoming a full-fledged *Bursch*, he had to fight perhaps a dozen more. The dueling scar became a badge of honor on campus, a key to choice jobs later on.

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to produce scars, for all but the face and shoulders of each fighter is protected by padding and heavy black bandages. Each duel goes three rounds, and from the moment the umpire cries "Silent!" lasts about 15 minutes. While their brothers watch, each fighter tries to slash at his opponent's face. When it is over, the swordsmen retire to the doctor's bench, each one holding his opponent's right hand while the doctor stitches and bandages. Sometimes the boys try to make their scars more impressive by rubbing salt into their wounds or prematurely ripping out their stitches. But such tampering is considered a "crime."

Over the years, the corporations have withheld more than one setback. The Weimar Republic made dueling a criminal offense, but the practice still kept on. The Nazis banned the corporations, but they managed to survive. After the war, occupation authorities banned them again, but they merely went underground, and the rules against them began to relax.

Elite to the Top. Today, 900 of Göttingen's 4,500 students are openly members of dueling corporations. The University of Maine has 1,500 members, Munich 3,500, Marburg 500; and one corporation at the University of Kiel has flatly declared that its "obligation to the nation is to put the elite back on top." Meanwhile, the *Alte Herren* (alumni) are once again swarming back on campus, opening up the luxurious corporation clubhouses, selecting recruits, paying for beers and sahers, holding out the promise of good jobs just as before. Once again, in laboratories and lecture halls, students are showing up with fresh wounds on their cheeks.

With Göttingen's convention out in the open, Rector Trillhaas last week tried to issue a stern warning to the corporations: he suspended for one semester a medical student named Wilfried von Studnitz for dueling. That was about as far as the rector could go. Only a month ago, Von Studnitz had been tried in criminal court for the same offense, and acquitted. "The comradeship," he had cried, "the *esprit de corps*, the traditions . . . which the corporations give us are not enough. There must also be the binding tie of blood spilt in common." Apparently thousands of Germans approved the sentiment.

Report Card

¶ After three years of investigating the Communist leanings of his teachers, New York City School Superintendent William Jansen totted up the score. As a result of 1950's probe, he announced, one probationary teacher was dismissed, one regular resigned, and a third teacher retired. The next year, three teachers admitted they had been members of the party, ten resigned when called for questioning, and eight were dismissed for refusing to answer questions. This year, eight more insisted on keeping mum. Last week Superintendent Jansen suspended them all.

¶ Course of the week (for women graduate students in the physical education department of the University of Wisconsin): an advanced seminar in "Relaxation."

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SCIENCE

Captain Ahab Avenged

The title role in Herman Melville's classic *Moby Dick* is played by a white sperm whale that got one of Captain Ahab's legs—and eventually got the whole of him. Moby Dick himself escaped triumphantly, and flesh & blood whalers have claimed that nothing like him was ever harpooned before or since.

Last week the whale ship *Anglo Norse* put in at Elizabeth, N.J., with photo-



The Trinagle of *Moby-Dick*, by Howard P. Vincent
MOBY DICK

This time the gunner struck first.

graphs of a real Moby Dick: an albino sperm whale harpooned off Peru several months ago by Gunner Henrik Nilsen. The whale was a 56-ton patriarch, all milky white with a bluish tinge around the tail. Gunner Nilsen struck first, lived to see his prey cut up and rendered.

The Versatile Midgets

The most exciting new development in electronics is the transistor, a tiny, simple device that can do the work of most vacuum tubes. Transistors are generally mounted in plastic or metal for easy handling, but the essential works of the smallest models are only one tenth of an inch long and fifteen-thousandths of an inch in diameter, hardly big enough to see without squinting. Last week Dr. A. E. Anderson of Bell Telephone Laboratories told a Manhattan meeting of the American Association of Aeronautical Engineers about the latest transistor progress. The airmen listened intently, because modern aircraft, especially military models, carry ever-increasing loads of vacuum tubes. Any chance of relief from this bulky burden is good news.

Transistors were invented 3½ years ago by a research group under Bell's Dr. William Shockley, and are now being developed for practical use by another team led by J. A. Morton. Their theory is complex in detail and full of difficult quantum



CAN YOU GUESS THE ANSWERS?

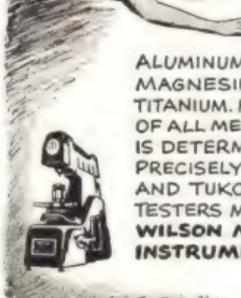
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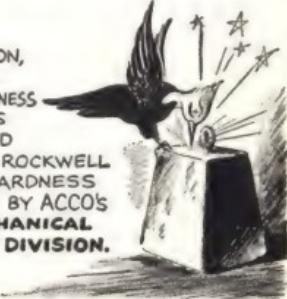
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mechanics, but their general principle is fairly simple.

Between the Atoms. In an ordinary electron tube, electrons "boil" off a heated filament into a high vacuum. There, unhampered by clogging air, they dance around obediently in response to electrical forces provided to act upon them. A transistor has no filament or vacuum; only a speck of hard germanium cut from a silvery crystal. But the mobile electrons are there, flashing through the empty channels between the ordered atoms of the crystal fragment.

In the outer shell of its atom, germanium has four electrons. If the crystal were absolutely pure germanium, each of these electrons would be bound by a neighboring atom. But if an occasional atom of an impurity such as phosphorus, which has five outer electrons, is built into the crystal, one of its electrons is not bound, and so is free to move around. If the impurity is an element with only three outer electrons, there is a "hole" into which electrons from germanium can move under certain conditions. Every time an electron moves into one hole, a new hole is left. When the holes move through the crystal, they produce the effect of electrons moving in the opposite direction.

Points & Junctions. Some transistors (the "point contact" type) use only one kind of germanium with fine metal points pressing upon it. "Junction transistors" use both the germanium that has free electrons and germanium that has "holes." Both transistors act like electron tubes; they can turn alternating into direct current, amplify faint currents, generate musical tones, serve as relays; they even perform brilliantly as photoelectric cells, turning light into electricity.

All these chores are performed by the transistor with startling economy of materials and power. There is no glass envelope, as in an electron tube, and no complicated insides. The current price of germanium is more than \$100 a lb., but so little is used that its cost is negligible.

The transistor's greatest advantage is its lack of a heated filament. Most of the currents that pulse through electronic apparatus are extremely small, but when they are amplified or relayed by a conventional vacuum tube, its filament consumes a full watt. It is the same, says Dr. Ralph Bow, vice president in charge of research at Bell Laboratories, as "sending a twelve-car freight train, locomotive and all, to carry a pound of butter." A transistor gets along with a millionth of a watt, not enough in most cases to make it faintly warm. The Bell men take a bit of blotting paper, chew it for a while, and wrap it moist around a 25¢ piece. When wires are clipped to this combination, it makes a battery strong enough to work a transistor.

In such complicated devices as radars and computers, which use hundreds or even thousands of vacuum tubes, supplying the power is a serious problem. The heat developed by the tubes is even worse. To keep the temperature down,



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they must be well spaced and cooled by an air stream. Transistors cause no such problems; they can be "potted" in plastic and whole arrays put close together.

Magic Trifle. Bell Laboratory has a two-stage transistor amplifier, complete with resistors and condensers, that is potted in a cylinder of plastic as big as a 4-inch section cut from a fountain pen. When a faint voice current is fed to this trifle, it gives a signal loud enough to blast the eardrum. Scores of such amplifiers could be packed in a coffee can. One device at Bell has transistors that do the work of 44 vacuum tubes. The



Anthony Link

ELECTRON TUBE (LEFT) & TRANSISTOR
In one room, a regiment of Einsteins.

whole thing is housed on a panel no bigger than the page of a novel.

The earliest transistors were skittish and unreliable. Now, says Bell, they are as reliable as conventional vacuum tubes, and much longer-lived. Some types are expected to work continuously for 90,000 hours (ten years). None are on the open market yet, but pilot plant production is under way. Bell is guarded about the cost but engineers are confident that they will prove cheaper than vacuum tubes.

Transistor enthusiasts speak of the future with electronic ecstasy. Replacing vacuum tubes, they say, is not the whole story: transistors will be far more versatile than vacuum tubes. There may be transistor amplifiers in telephone receivers. Airplanes and guided missiles can carry electronic equipment that is now too heavy and fragile. Transistors will give a new impetus to development of electronic-control apparatus for automatic factories. Perhaps the most exciting possibility is in the rapidly growing field of electronic computers. Transistors can be built, theoretically, almost as small as the neurons (nerve cells) that serve as relays in the human brain, and they react several thousand times faster. A "brain" built with transistors instead of vacuum tubes might out-calculate a regiment of Einsteins and still fit in the room where Einstein does his thinking.



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railroads' ability to earn adequate revenues, realistically based on the current cost of producing transportation service.

Railroad revenues last year fell far short of being adequate, and the reason is plain. Railroad wage rates and average prices of railroad materials have increased more than 130% since 1939. But the average revenue which railroads receive for hauling a ton of freight a mile has increased only 45% since 1939.

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MUSIC

Alley-Cat Carmen

"I've never seen a *Carmen* like this before!" exclaimed one startled dowager. And she was not alone. Before the curtain was down on the Metropolitan Opera's new production of Bizet's passionate masterpiece last week, there was many another exclamation; some were snorts from traditionalists, but most of them were something like "Wow!" The *New York Journal-American's* headline summed it up: JUST SHORT OF SENSATIONAL.

Mezzo-Soprano Risë Stevens has been singing the role of the wanton gypsy for seven years, but never in such abandoned and sultry fashion as last week. Her new *Carmen* was a personal triumph—and thoroughly in keeping with the vigor of the Met's new production.

Death by the Window. When General Manager Rudolf Bing decided to overhaul *Carmen* last spring, he handed the staging job to Tyrone Guthrie, topnotch director of London's Old Vic, and Designer Rolf Gerard. From the start, they decided on "naturalism," e.g., the workers in a Seville cigarette factory ought to look, for a change, a bit like factory workers.

In keeping with the Guthrie-Gerard ideas, the first-act set was starkly simple, most of the workers' costumes drab blacks and greys. Carmen herself was allowed some strikingly low-cut dresses, but—hallowed tradition or not—no red rose. Also missing: the awkward parade of supers into the bull ring in the last act. Guthrie and Gerard show a balcony full of spectators craning at an imaginary procession to an unseen ring. Moreover, they let the betrayed Don José catch up with Carmen in the tawdry hotel suite of Toreador Escamillo, instead of at the gates of the arena. Among other things, the switch permits Carmen to die with an added piece of melodrama—pulling down a huge red window drapery as she falls.

Success for a Tenor. Throughout, Director Guthrie kept *Carmen's* dramatic line strong and clear. He concentrated on the massed scenes, and succeeded in making his crowds and choruses something more than the usual sticky clots of humanity. But he paid attention to his individual characters too. Heretofore, Risë Stevens' acting in the role of Carmen has always had a trace of well-bred sorority girl. This time her Carmen was just short of plain alley cat.

Tenor Richard Tucker had a triumph of his own. Singing his first Don José, he proved again that he is probably the finest tenor to be heard today. No actor, he made a brave try to be one, and in the blazing fourth act succeeded. The rest of the cast, notably Frank Guarrera as Escamillo and Nadine Conner as Micaela, rallied to the cause. The orchestra, under Conductor Fritz Reiner, turned in a subtle and glowing performance.

All in all, *Carmen* and naturalism gave the rejuvenated old Met another strong new crowd-pleaser.



MEZZO STEVENS
She lost her rose.

Associated Press

Long Live Brünnhilde

In Carnegie Hall last week, the greatest Brünnhilde of this generation, Kirsten Flagstad, 56, announced she was retiring after this season. On the same night, a new Brünnhilde made her debut at the Met, and got the critics' cheers.

Buxom, Philadelphia-born Margaret Harshaw, 39, is no newcomer to the Met. As a contralto winner of the Met Auditions of the Air, she made her debut there as a Norn in Wagner's *Götterdämmerung* in 1942. By 1946, she had worked up to such bigger Wagnerian roles as Erda and



SOPRANO HARSHAW
She raised her voice.

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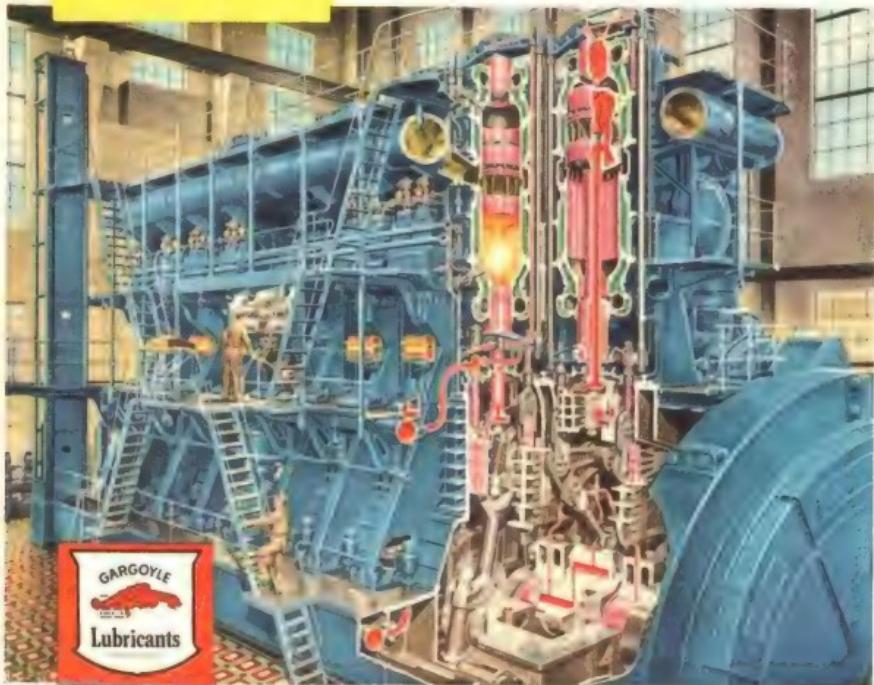
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Brangäne. After singing Ortrud in *Lohengrin* that same year, she got the idea, not an uncommon one, that her voice had a soprano, that her voice had "the richness but not the darkness of the true contralto—a more brilliant sound." She went to work to raise her voice and strengthen the top of it.

She continued to sing contralto and mezzo-soprano roles, but last year persuaded Rudolf Bing to let her sing the soprano role of Senta in *The Flying Dutchman*; she carried it off beautifully. Last week she sang her first Brünnhilde (in *Götterdämmerung*), most taxing of all dramatic soprano roles, with power, emotional depth and ringing top notes.

Manager Bing was convinced. Said Bing, who now has three Brünnhildes on his roster (the other two: Helen Traubel and Astrid Varnay): "I shall probably have to list her as a soprano next year." Margaret Harshaw was convinced too. Said she, after a good look at her press notices: "I feel so fresh, physically and vocally, that I could sing it all over again this morning."

Pianist with a Bible

In Brussels last week, the big (2,300 seats) Palais des Beaux-Arts was sold out three nights in a row. Belgians were flocking to hear a series of concerts by a top-flight old pianist who is known to U.S. music lovers chiefly through imported records. His name: Edwin Fischer.

White-maned and sturdy, at 65, Pianist Fischer gave a program that few living pianists would either care or dare to present. On each night he performed four concertos of Bach, conducting members of the National Orchestra of Belgium and assisting soloists from his seat at the piano. Nodding his big head, or gesturing slightly with a momentarily free hand to indicate the tempo, he kept superb command of the ensemble, while producing immaculate music from his own piano. Characteristically, it was Bach of uncommon serenity in the slow passages, of robust vigor in the strong ones. (Fischer on Bach: "Good phrasing, a moderate tempo and a clear head are the three requisites.") At the end of the third concert, the musicians joined in the applause, tapped their bows against their violins and cellos in compliment.

Swiss-born Edwin Fischer has built his reputation as an exponent of the classics. For him, *The Well-Tempered Clavier* of Bach, which he recorded years ago, is the "Old Testament," and Beethoven's sonatas are the "New Testament." He is also at his best with the music of Mozart, which he plays on a grander scale than that favored by the tinkly music-box school of Mozart interpreters. Composers such as Chopin seem to elude Fischer, but when he sticks to Bach and Mozart, few pianists anywhere can match him. Wrote a *Paris-Presse* critic last year: "After a concert by Horowitz, the audience, stunned by so much virtuosity, goes home satisfied. Some of the people may think of the fabulous sums such an artist gets paid. After Fischer's concert, the audience goes home

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One for the Master

By B.A. Blacksheep, B.A.

Edward Lear, a favorite poet of mine, was no mean judge of haberdashery. In his poem about the Pobble who had no toes, Mr. Lear points out that, before that Pobble set out to swim the Bristol Channel, he wrapped his nose "in a piece of scarlet flannel."

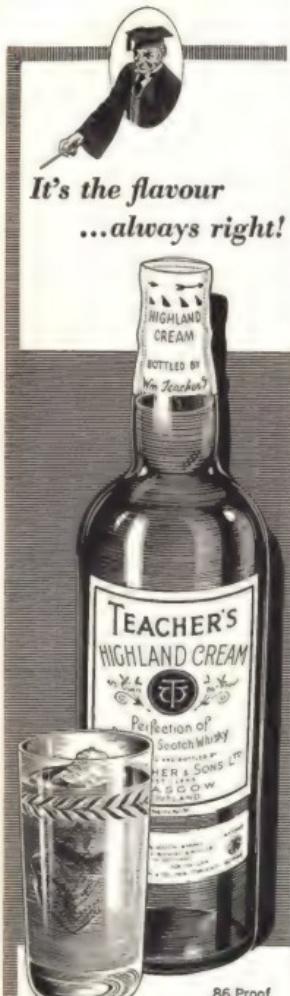
A wise beast, and worthy of Mr. Lear's menagerie. Scarlet British flannel has long been favored by nattily dressed men, not to mention pobbles. Scarlet flannel is a great woolen, full of warmth, color, temperament. Also, it is different in most every way from what is known in these parts as "real flannels." The real stuff can be found in better shops around, cut into suspenders (or braces, as the British know them) that keep the well-dressed man's trousers and spirits up, leaving his nose free to investigate the many other types of British flannel available on the American scene.

British Flannel adapts. It has, too, since canny weavers in Wales first called it "gwanlan" (or flannel), developing the word from the Welch "gwanl" (or wool).

Without hesitation I recommend to you British Gwanlan—from the famous mills of Huddersfield, Rochdale and Bradford. Item: The light-as-tissue, warm-as-toast sport shirt, in heather country colors and hues like tropic sunsets. Item: British grey flannels. Need I say more? Item: The light-weight spring suit of light-grey British flannel—after so many seasons of partial eclipse by banker's grey. Item: The navy-blue flannel blazer, buttoned with old coins instead of brass. Item: Tennis shorts of white flannel, very pro. And, Item, always British flannel, or my name isn't,

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happy. Nobody wonders whether Fischer earns big fees, but everybody feels an urge to tell him "Thank you."

A pupil of famed Pianist-Composer Eugene d'Albert, Fischer made his home in Berlin until 1943, when he moved to a small house on Switzerland's Lake Lucerne. Now, when he is not touring Western Europe, he spends his time there gardening or painting. A warm, genial man, he tells visitors: "You don't have to praise the pictures you see here. They are not masterpieces. I painted them myself."

He has never been in the U.S. Why? "There are so many things to do over here."

New Pop Records

A Treasury of Immortal Performances (Victor; 10 LP singles). The third installment of a big selection of vintage jazz, reissued on LP, often in recordings that sound better than the originals (less surface noise, etc.). Titles of individual records: *Benny Goodman Trio* (Clarinetist Goodman, Pianist Teddy Wilson, Drummer Gene Krupa); *Lionel Hampton*; *Earl Hines-Billy Eckstine*; *Metrophone All-Star Bands*; *Sidney Bechet*; *Jelly Roll Morton*; *McKinney's Cotton Pickers*; *Great Trumpet Artists* (Louis Armstrong, Bunny Berigan, Roy Eldridge, Bix Beiderbecke, Bunk Johnson, Dizzy Gillespie); *Great Sax Artists* (Coleman Hawkins, Chu Berry, Bud Freeman, Illinois Jacquet, Ben Webster, Charlie Ventura); *Artie Shaw Favorites*.

Lena Horne Sings (M-G-M). Eight sides (*Can't Help Lovin' That Man, Where or When, Deed I Do, I've Got the World on a String, Is It Always like This, The Lady Is a Tramp, Love of My Life, Sometimes I'm Happy*), some from movie sound tracks, all delivered in Songstress Horne's customary buttery style.

A Weaver of Dreams (Nat "King" Cole; Capitol, 45 r.p.m.). Crooner Cole gives a better-than-average love song a bestseller sendoff.

Wimmin (Guy Mitchell; Columbia). A rip-roaring hillbilly tune about false women and the men who love them anyway.

Oogie Oogie Wa Wa (Debbie Reynolds; M-G-M). According to Tin Pan Alley linguists, the title is Eskimo for "I want a mama." A fast-tempo piece of foolishness, well sung.

Bermuda (Bell Sisters; Victor, 45 r.p.m.). A sad song about a girl who left her dream man somewhere on the sands of Bermuda. It is sung by Cynthia Bell, 16, who wrote the song, and her sister Kay, 11.

When It's Sleepy Time Down South (Louis Armstrong; Decca). An excellent performance by Sandpaper Vocalist Armstrong, with some fine Armstrong trumpeting thrown in for good measure.

This Is Jazz (Muggy Spanier; Circle, 2 sides LP). More honky-tonk classics, as recorded from radio broadcasts. Among Cornetist Spanier's helpers are Pianist Joe Sullivan, Trombonist George Brunis, Drummer Baby Dodds. Among the best numbers: *A Good Man Is Hard to Find, Muskrat Ramble, Jada*.

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The "Highball?" No! This giant steel ball, which acts as an anchor for tree-felling cables, is but one of many steel products whose quality is improved by Norton and Behr-Manning abrasive products.

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The ring? No! The stone in the ring was cut, ground, polished by Norton abrasives. Norton Alundum, Crystolon and Norbide abrasives are widely used by lapidarians.

The candy, light bulb, freight elevator also could not be made without the direct or indirect help of Norton and Behr-Manning products.

The stranger in the picture is the frog. Any man-made product — whether of metal, wood, paper, cloth, leather, ceramics, plastics — depends in some important way on products that bear such well-known trademarks as Norton and Behr-Manning.

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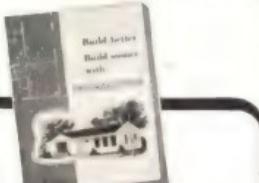
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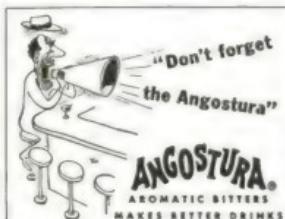
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RADIO & TV

The Little Bombs

"Hello, darling. This is Tallulah. Could I make a date with you for next Sunday? Well, what I mean is, I'd like to have you listen to my Big Show. You know, 6:30 to 8 each Sunday evening on WNBC. That's 660 on your dial . . ."

Some 5,000 mildly startled housewives in New York City picked up their ringing phones last week to hear the familiar accents of Tallulah Bankhead and Fred Allen speaking such plugs for *The Big Show*. Others heard Kate Smith giving a boost for her show by phone. The voices were tape-recorded, but many a housewife was



Gary Wagner

NBC's TED COTT
He likes a mess.

presumably thrilled to hear the stars talk; some may even have tuned in as suggested. The stunt was the kind that has become a trademarked specialty of a radio go-getter named Ted Cott.

A Harder Mess. Moon-faced Promoter Cott, 35, general manager of NBC's outlets in Manhattan (radio, WNBC; television, WNTV), believes in plastering and bombarding potential radio listeners with elaborate little gags and gimmicks. Says he: "If you take a big bomb and drop it, you cause a lot of damage, but it can be cleaned up right away. I like to drop a lot of little bombs. The mess is harder to clean up."

Most of Cott's bombs have produced more whistle than blast. Among them (on radio): a weekly children's newscast by H. V. Kaltenborn ("Good morning! Last week two bad men tried to kill the President of the United States . . ."); short disk-jockey stints by Conductor Leopold Stokowski and Hollywood's Sam Goldwyn; Walt Disney and Arthur Treacher; programs by Poet Carl Sandburg (folk

The Terrible Story of WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

- Here is Whittaker Chambers' own story of his life, of the Red spy ring in Washington, of the Hiss case.
- Here is the inside report on espionage in top government circles.
- Here is a measure of the true dimensions of the Communist threat to America.
- It is one of the most remarkable documents of our time. It is more than a confession. It is an eloquent and vivid definition of the two forces which are today warring for the mind of man.
- Read it in *The Saturday Evening Post* this week.

In his foreword, Whittaker Chambers states: "My accounting is terrible in what it tells about men. If anything, it is more terrible in what it tells about the world. All the props of an espionage case are there—foreign agents, household traitors, stolen documents, microfilm, furtive meetings, secret hideaways, phony names.

"But if the Hiss case were only this, it would not be worth my writing about or your reading about. This case was more than human tragedy. It was the critical conflict of faiths. On a scale personal enough to be felt by all, but big enough to be symbolic, the two irreconcilable faiths of our time—Communism and Freedom—came to grips in the persons of two resolute men.

"This tragedy will have been for nothing unless men understand it rightly, and unless from it the world takes hope and heart to begin its own tragic struggle with the evil that besets it from within and from without; unless it realizes that this case has turned a finger of fierce light into the reeking body of our time."



A STATEMENT FROM THE EDITOR

I believe that Whittaker Chambers' "*I Was the Witness*" is the most important series of articles that *The Saturday Evening Post* has carried in my ten years as editor. It has a profound meaning for every American. It is certain to be one of the most widely and passionately discussed reports of our time.

Read "I Was the Witness"
by WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

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The Saturday Evening
POST
February 9, 1952 75c



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"Chase's Commercial Banking Department handles thousands of problems just like yours each year."

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that may save you money and worry.

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"All in all, I certainly found that **'IT PAYS TO DO BUSINESS WITH CHASE'.** Why don't you talk to the people at Chase?"



The following day I did talk to Chase

I called Chase's Commercial Banking Department, and Chase moved fast. One of their top men came to my office the next day. Briefly, I explained our problem.

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songs), Eleanor Roosevelt (interviews), baseball's Jackie Robinson (children's disk-jockey quiz). Of these, Robinson and an all-night recorded symphonic series—which started only last week—are the only two still carrying on. A future possibility: *Portrait of New York* (new music, to be composed by Duke Ellington, Vernon Duke, Meredith Willson, Don Gillis, Skitch Henderson). Cott is currently trying to line up General Douglas MacArthur for a television Bible-reading series, avers that "the general is interested."

Cott was in charge of programming for Manhattan's independent WNEW when NBC hired him away in 1950. "WNBC," he says, "was suffering from malnutrition of excitement. They wanted me to make it a truly local station." In this respect, the new manager is a notable success. Local sponsors have increased steadily; so has the local listener-rating since Cott introduced such events as club newscasts ("The Bronx Chapter of Hadassah will meet Monday night") and other "public service" shows.

A Tougher Guy. Cott's \$35,000-a-year salary is high, but he feels he earns it. Most of WNBC's little stunts, including the tape-recorded telephone horror, he thinks up himself ("Lots of people have good ideas, but they don't know what to do with them"). The rest he whips together from staffers' suggestions: "I have great faith in the creative aspects of people. Mostly I have to fight with them to make them as good as I think they are, and that makes me a tough guy sometimes. If they don't do well, they don't belong here."

With his relentless drive, Manager Cott sometimes irritates his co-workers (more than a dozen WNBC staffers have quit since he arrived). But it is all in the radio game, he feels: "I'm a tough competitor, and I like to win. I've always won."

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Feb. 8. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m.). *ABC*, *Otello*, with Vinay, Steber, Warren, Lipton.

NBC Symphony (Sat. 6:30 p.m.). *NBC*. Guest conductor: Guido Cantelli.

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 2:30 p.m.). *CBS*. Guest soloist: Pianist Myra Hess; Mitropoulos conducting.

Theatre Guild on the Air (Sun. 8:30 p.m.). *NBC*. Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in *The Traitor*.

Suspense (Mon. 8 p.m.). *CBS*. *Odd Man Out*, with James Mason and Pamela Kellino.

TELEVISION

Politics (Fri. 11:15 p.m.). *NBC*. Eisenhower-for-President rally from Madison Square Garden.

Royal Showcase (Sun. 7 p.m.). *NBC*. Guest star: Comedian Fred Allen.

Television Opera Theater (Thurs. 11 p.m.). *NBC*. Puccini's *Il Tabarro*.

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ART



Planet News Ltd.

BRUEGEL'S "CHRIST AND THE WOMAN TAKEN IN ADULTERY"
Out of an attic in Scotland.

\$31,000 Dust Catcher

For years, the grubby little painting had been collecting dust in the attic of the Hopes of Aberlady, Scotland. It had cost only \$50, back in 1834, and no one in the family considered it of any importance. But last summer, Major Archibald Hope decided to send it out for a cleaning. In one corner, restorers discovered the date 1565, the signature of the elder Pieter Bruegel.

Last week, authenticated as Bruegel's *Christ and the Woman Taken in Adultery*, the little 9 by 13-in. wooden panel brought \$31,000 at a London auction.

P Is for Prosciutto

Saul Steinberg, 37, is the Picasso of U.S. cartoonists. He can manipulate a line the way a Texan handles a lariat, shift from a vast architectural spoof to a pompous portrait miniature in as little time as it takes to turn a page of a sketchbook. A born experimenter, he is constantly thinking up new ways to get satiric effects.

Last week, Steinberg's latest experiments filled two usually sober-sided Manhattan galleries with pen & ink pyrotechnics. Typical Steinberg ingenuity transformed fur-swathed matrons into molting kiwis, Cadillac convertibles into rococo holy-water fonts. In a panorama of the Piazza San Marco, he turned Venice's ancient cathedral into a Fourth-of-July fireworks display. One wall of the exhibition was devoted to Steinberg ex-votos, pictures depicting miraculous escapes from falling mobiles, firing squads and wobbly gangways. Another wall was plastered with elaborate parodies of diplomas and other certificates of accomplishment Americans love.

Steinberg can trace a lot of his fancier ideas to his childhood in Bucharest, where

his first artistic influences were his mother's "wonderful cakes with all sorts of decorations," the froufrou boxes his father manufactured for cosmetics and jewelry. His virtuoso handling of architectural monstrosities stems from the 1930s, when he spent seven years studying architecture in Milan. Architecture gradually gave way to cartooning, and by 1942, when he came to the U.S., Steinberg already had an international reputation as a pen & ink satirist.

In the U.S., Steinberg branched out. In addition to his magazine work, he has painted murals, designed textiles and wallpaper, published two books of drawings. Current Steinberg projects include a 400-ft. mural for a Boston store, the sets for three new ballets and an alphabet book for a friend's four-year-old daughter—"a sort of amorous ABC, using C for Champagne, P for Prosciutto, and so forth."

Steinberg has also made strides as an artistic longhair. In 1946, Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art included him in a show of promising American artists. Two months ago, the Metropolitan Museum paid its respects by buying 30 feet of Steinberg's 110-ft. (and still growing) *Parade*, a satiric commentary on all the U.S. parades he has seen to date.

"The Met couldn't possibly afford the whole thing," says Steinberg, who intends to keep *Parade* going indefinitely. "It would break them."

Man with a Lonely Eye

Laurence Stephen Lowry is a 64-year-old English painter who has spent the past 35 years discovering the city of Manchester (pop. 700,000). It is only in recent years that the English have discovered Lowry.

Artist Lowry grew up in & around Manchester, but he was 28 before it occurred to him to paint it. He was a land-

scape man and portraitist, with strong academic tastes. Then one day he missed a train in a grimy Manchester suburb, and his life's work hit him in the eye. Says Lowry: "It was a wet afternoon, and I climbed up to the street feeling very disgruntled. I looked across . . . and saw an industrial scene. I detested it. That set me off."

Lowry abandoned his academic style. Using an almost childishly simple technique, he carefully outlined the silhouettes of the grubby buildings, brightened the industrial wastelands with little islands of color, reduced the crowds of slouching pedestrians to a series of forlorn smudges.

But Lowry's hatred of his subject soon gave way to fascination. His bleak mill fronts, belching factory chimneys, sooty church steeples and tenements with their threadbare inhabitants took on an otherworldly look for him. "To say the truth, I was not thinking very much about the people. I did not care for them the way a reformer does. They were part of a private beauty that haunted me."

Lowry painted his city scenes for two decades before a gallery owner spotted some in a London frame shop in 1938, offered him a one-man show. Since then, Lowry has had five successful London exhibitions, earned himself a reputation as England's foremost regional painter. Last week Britons were reading a new book about him by Author-Critic Maurice Collis. Entitled *The Discovery of L.S. Lowry*, it reproduced a selection of his Manchester paintings and told Britons something of his life.

A bachelor and a social recluse, Lowry lives 14 miles outside Manchester, makes solitary pilgrimages to town every day by bus. He rambles, waiting for a scene to catch his eye, then takes a bus back home in time for tea. After tea, he starts to paint. Says Lowry in 35-year retrospect: "My whole happiness and unhappiness were that my view was like nobody else's. Had it been like, I should not have been lonely; but had I not been lonely, I should not have seen what I did."



Betty Parsons & Sidney Janis Galleries
STEINBERG'S "SUBWAY"
Back to mother's cakes.



HANS HOFMANN'S "SCOTCH AND BURGUNDY" (1951)



WILLEM DE KOONING'S "WOMAN" (1950)

ABSTRACTIONS FOR EXPORT

These pictures are strictly the latest thing. This week they are being shown in a Paris gallery, along with 17 other examples of "American Vanguard Art." The U.S. has welcomed a lot of hard-to-take art from Paris, and this collection seems calculated to show Paris that U.S. abstractionists can dish it out too.

Critics who may object to such a choice of exports from the U.S. are likely to be reminded that most of their predecessors stuffily condemned every new art movement since Manet. Yet there is nothing really new about U.S. abstractionism. It is just more helter-skelter than the kind practiced in Europe ever since World War I.

But the movement grows space; fully a third of Manhattan's art shows reflects it, and more & more art lovers claim to love it. Connoisseurs croon over the "technical mastery" of a Jackson Pollock (who dribbles his colors from palettes of paint). They borrow such Hans Hofmann phrases as "push and pull on the picture surface" and "empathy in a psychoplastic and rhythmic sense" to praise a Hofmann canvas. When Abstractionist Willem de Kooning admits that he is "still working out of doubt," they can hardly bring themselves to believe it.

Parisians, who have long been glutted and lately bored with the abstractions of their own compatriots, may be somewhat intrigued by the extremes to which abstraction has been stretched in the U.S. But a traveling U.S. exhibit which included the works of such conservatives as Hopper, Burchfield and Wyeth would do more than intrigue the French. It might even show them that the U.S. has a solid and fruitful tradition of its own.



JACKSON POLLOCK'S "PAINTING 49-9" (1949)



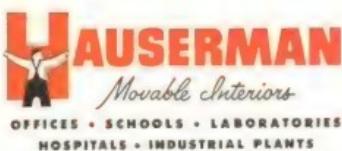
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Census

Circulation of U.S. dailies during 1951 climbed to a record 54,017,938, a .3% increase over 1950, *Editor & Publisher* announced. Of the 1,773 daily U.S. newspapers (one more than 1950), the 1,454 evening papers sold 32,795,413 copies a day, the 319 morning papers 21,222,525.

"I Was the Witness"

When readers picked up their copies of the *Saturday Evening Post* this week, they hardly recognized the magazine. For the first time since 1890, the *Post* (circ. 3,998,158) had no picture on its cover. Instead, it carried an announcement of "One of the Great Books of Our Time: Whittaker Chambers' Own Story of the



Wide World

Whittaker Chambers
In every man, a scrap of soul.

Hiss Case." The *Post* thought Chambers' witness so important that it had paid \$75,000 for serial rights to the book, due to be published in May and already a Book-of-the-Month Club choice. The *Post*, which calls its series "I Was the Witness," will run ten installments, 50,000 words,^a the longest consecutive serial in its history. For the first installment, the *Post* boosted its press run by more than 100,000, came out on newsstands a day early to catch extra sales.

Chambers, a one-time senior editor of TIME, has been writing his book and working on his Maryland farm since 1950, when his testimony convicted Hiss of perjury. His story begins with an eloquent letter to his teen-aged son and daughter, who did not learn of his past as a Communist courier until the Hiss case opened with his testimony before the House Un-American Activities Committee. In the

letter, Chambers explains to them—and to the world—why he became a Communist, why he left the party in 1938 and what the real issues were in the Hiss trials.

To many people, he says, the Hiss case has become just "another crime drama in which the props [were] mistaken for the play . . ." Actually, the trials were a battleground on which "the two irreconcilable faiths of our time—Communism and Freedom—came to grips . . ."

Man Without God. "I was a witness. I do not mean a witness for the Government or against Alger Hiss . . . A man is not primarily a witness *against* something. That is only incidental to the fact that he is a witness *for* something . . . It was my fate to be, in turn, a witness to each of the great faiths of our time."

Chambers first turned to the Communist faith because "the revolutionary heart of communism . . . is a simple conviction: It is necessary now to change the world. [The communists'] power is the power to hold convictions and to act upon them. Communists are that part of mankind which has recovered the power to live or die—to bear witness—for its faith . . . The communist vision is the vision of Man without God . . . It is the vision of man's liberated mind, by the sole force of its rational intelligence, redirecting man's destiny and reorganizing man's life and the world. The vision is a challenge . . .

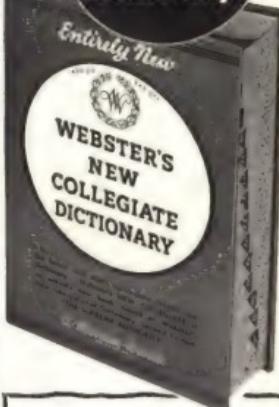
All Communists, says Chambers, are aware of the terrible suffering that the practice of their faith and denial of God imposes on millions of people. And most of them succeed in ignoring or suppressing that awareness. But to some there comes a time when they hear screams in the night—screams "from the execution cells . . . from the torture chambers . . . from . . . the freezing filth of subarctic labor camps."^b For "there persists in every man, however he may deny it, a scrap of soul." The communist who does not stifle that scrap of soul begins to lose faith in his vision of man without God. Chambers records that his own loss of faith began on "a very casual" occasion. He was watching his daughter at her breakfast.

"My eye came to rest on the delicate convolutions of her ear—those intricate, perfect ears. The thought passed through my mind: . . . They could have been created only by immense design. The thought was involuntary and unwanted . . . If I had completed it, I should have had to say: Design presupposes God." Ultimately, Chambers did complete the thought, because "the soul has a logic that may be more compelling than the mind's."

Walk Through the Woods. Chambers concludes his letter: "My children, when you were little, we used sometimes to go for walks in our pine woods . . . You used instinctively to give me your hands as we entered those woods, where it was darker, lonelier, and in the stillness our voices sounded loud and frightening. In this book I am again giving you my hands. I am leading you, not through cool pine

* The book itself is some 200,000 words.

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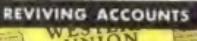
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woods, but up and up a narrow defile between bare and steep rocks from which in shadow things uncoil and slither away. It will be dark. Before you understand the meaning of the journey, I may not be there, my hands may have slipped from yours. It will not matter. For when you understand what you see, you will no longer be children. You will know that life is pain, that each of us hangs always upon the cross of himself. And when you know that this is true of every man, woman and child on earth, you will be wise."

"Grotesque Performance"

Before a Paris meeting of the U.N.'s Social, Humanitarian and Cultural Committee, U.S. Delegate Channing Tobias rose one day last week to denounce Czechoslovakia's "grotesque performance" in imprisoning A.P. Correspondent William Oatis (TIME, May 7 et seq.). Since Oatis was merely performing the routine duties of a reporter, Tobias said, the U.S. will never "cease to protest the use of William Oatis as a pawn in the suppression of freedom." Added Belgian Delegate Fernand Dehouze: The Communist's definition of a good reporter is one who "must believe the word of the Czech government . . . or else be considered a spy."

In reply, Soviet Delegate Alexei P. Pavlov snapped a grim warning to all Western newsmen. Oatis' post, said he, "was only an alibi for his true activities." Warned Pavlov: "If you start sending spies, you must remember that [they] will get what they deserve, and many of them will envy those whose fate is only a prison sentence . . . The Soviet Union and the People's Democracies are not one of your colonies, and if you stretch your paws there, we shall hack them off."

The New New Republic

"The magazine of opinion," says New Republic Editor and Financial Angel Michael Straight, "has a rough time nowadays. You tend to restrict your opinions more & more to make them coincide with the opinions of your readers and sometimes you find you have restricted yourself to rather small groups." As proof, Editor Straight could point to his own magazine. Once a rallying point for liberals, the New Republic has steadily restricted its opinions while swinging from the New Deal to Henry Wallace, and back to the Fair Deal when Wallace became a presidential candidate. Result: its group of readers (97,000 in 1948, at the top) dropped to 24,000, and the magazine's pages slimmed to a starvation ration.

Last week Editor Straight again changed his editorial policy in hope of enlarging the ailing New Republic's group. The magazine called for Harry Truman to pull out of the presidential race in favor of a stronger Democratic candidate. Privately, Straight is ready to go even further. "We would not assume a partisan role," says he, "if General Eisenhower should be nominated. We'd like to see him become President."

The swing toward the Republicans is not the only change. Beginning March 1,

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the magazine's remaining editorial offices in Manhattan will be closed and the *New Republic* will be run entirely from Washington. In the shift to Washington, started more than a year ago, at least two editors will be replaced and a brand-new group of contributors will be brought in. Left behind will be Mr. New Republic himself, 62-year-old Bruce Bliven, a staffer ever since he was hired as managing editor 29 years ago by the late Editor Herbert Croly, the man who gave the magazine the prestige it has largely lost. Bliven, who became top editor in 1930 and steered the magazine through some of its best and worst days, stepped up to be editorial director when Henry Wallace took over briefly in 1946. He will continue writing for the magazine from his Manhattan apartment, and take a new title: chairman of the editorial board.

As new operations boss, Mike Straight



Sam Rosenfeld

HELEN FULLER
After restriction, starvation.

picked fortyish, Alabama-born Helen Fuller. Managing Editor Fuller, little known as a journalist, went to Washington in the early days of the New Deal, and worked for the Justice Department and National Youth Administration. After Straight took over the magazine in 1940, she joined its Washington bureau.

Another big change will be in the *New Republic's* coverage of the arts, its most widely respected sections. Instead of columns of reviews of books, plays, music, movies and radio, there will be "critical essays on the contemporary scene." Publisher Daniel Mebane thinks Washington, regarded by most critics as a cultural desert, may present some difficulties for the back of the book. But, says he: "Washington is becoming a kind of fourth Rome." Sizing up all the changes in staff and coverage, most newsmen guessed that they had been made less to enlarge the readership than to reduce the *New Republic's* losses.



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Monte Carlo or Bust

The last-minute tinkering and tuning had been done. The standard stock cars—among them British Allards and Sunbeam Talbots, French Simcas and Citroëns, Italian Lancias and Alfa Romeos—were as ready as they would ever be. At a series of watch-tick signals, 325 grim-faced drivers from 18 nations set out from such widely scattered starting points as Lisbon, Palermo, Oslo, Glasgow, Munich, Stockholm. Their goal, some 3,300 roundabout kilometers (2,000 miles) away: Monte Carlo—and a million francs (about \$3,000) first prize.

The annual (since 1911) Monte Carlo Rally, which ended last week, is not the world's longest or fastest race, but is certainly one of the most exacting ever devised for man or machine. At the finish, some 72 grinding hours later, only 16 of the mud-spattered cars crossed the line unpenalized by some form of delay, breakdown or accident, or for missing the deadline at one of the obligatory checkpoints along the route.

And Sudden Death. Bad luck, bad weather and just plain fatigue dogged the competitors from start to finish. French favorite Michel Collange was just one kilometer short of the finish line when the brakes of his Simca coupe jammed tight. Just outside Mons, Belgium, Swiss Veteran Willy Berger apparently fell asleep at the wheel, smashed his Citroën into a parked truck, was killed instantly. His companion driver, André Hotz, was hauled off to the hospital where he later died.

Other drivers, crossing natural and national frontiers, had less hair-raising or unhappy tales to tell. But most had delays and troubles. The Stockholm starters, who had to cross over on the ferry from Helsingborg, got bogged down when a French gendarme sent them on a 30-kilometer detour. The Palermo starters, who ran into the toughest driving of all, had to ferry across the Strait of Messina and take a railroad flatcar ride through the Simplon Tunnel. They also hit fog at Florence and sleet at Milan. Though the Italians got a special dispensation to exceed the rally's maximum 65-kilometer-per-hour average speed (because of time lost at the Simplon Tunnel), they still had trouble with blinding snow along the French stretch from Le Puy to Valence.

Ups & Downs. The Glasgow starters, after crossing the Channel by ferry from Folkestone, had better weather luck. British Motorcar Manufacturer Sidney Allard, along with Veteran Driver Guy Warburton, made good enough time to stop for two warm meals: steak and chips at Liège, bacon and eggs at Amsterdam. They hit the swirling snow between Le Puy and Valence soon after plows had cleared the way. They also passed a stalled Allard driven by Allard's wife Eleanor, in the race with her two sisters. Shouted Allard: "Are you all right?" Shouted Mrs. Allard: "No!" This bit of information prompted Allard



Ed Quinn

BRITAIN'S ALLARD
Time for steak and chips.

to step on the gas, since he was late for the next checkpoint.

Leaving his wife in the lurch paid off. She finally arrived in good spirits, and Allard's car was one of the 16 unpenalized ones which qualified, along with 32 others, for the final test: the ups & downs of the 74-kilometer course outside Monte Carlo. The Allard, powered by a Ford motor, came through with flying colors—and a buckled fender after it skidded into a stone parapet. But it won, the first time for a British car since Donald M. Healey drove a now extinct Invicta to victory 21 years ago. It was quite a day for the British. A Sunbeam Talbot beat out a French Simca for second; British Jaguars and a Jupiter won the next three places.

Manufacturer Allard, who turns out about five cars a week, sending one-third of them to the U.S. sport-car market, was delighted with the victory, but he had one beef: "If the government would reduce the purchase tax, I could sell a lot more of them." Cost of an Allard in the U.S.: some \$4,500.

Who Won

¶ Detroit Outfielder Harry Heilmann and Pittsburgh Outfielder Paul ("Big Poison") Waner, niches No. 61 and 62 in baseball's Hall of Fame. Heilmann, who died last July, led the American League batters four times between 1921-27, ended 1923 with a fabulous .403. Waner, in his 20-year career, topped the National League batters three times (1927, 1934 and 1936).

¶ Don Gehrmann, the season's fastest indoor mile (4:08.4), ahead—as usual—of FBI Man Fred Wilt; in Milwaukee. Earlier, the Rev. Bob Richards pole vaulted 15 ft. 4 5/8 in., his second-best ever, then missed three tries at beating



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Cornelius Warmerdam's record of 15 ft. 8½ in. The next night in Boston, Gehrmann (4:08.9) and Richards (15 ft. 2 7/8 in.) did it again.

¶ Brookfield Farms's Intent, Eddie Arcaro up, the world's richest (\$183,750) horse race, the Santa Anita Maturity; at Arcadia, Calif., C. V. Whitney's Counterpoint, 1951's horse of the year, was a sorry sixth.

¶ The touring U.S. curling team (*Time*, Jan. 28), its first test-match victory, 58-41, over Scotland after three losses; in Falkirk, Scotland.

¶ Robert Lippincott, sailing his Star Class boat *Mate* to three straight victories, the 21st annual Cuba Cup race; at Havana.

THE THEATER

New Plays in Manhattan

Jane (adapted by S. N. Behrman from a Somerset Maugham short story) is urban but upsy-downsy drawing-room comedy. Its three acts of intended laughter rather suggest three sets of tennis, with *Jane* narrowly losing the match, 6-2, 16-4. *Jane* (Edna Best) is a rich, frumpish, middle-aged Liverpool widow, hard of head and blunt of speech. In a jolly first act she descends on her London relatives to announce that she is marrying a penniless architect half her age. There is consternation, opposition, and the sense of a cheerful future for the play, if perhaps a checkered one for the heroine.

In Act II, *Jane's* talent for dropping hot bricks has apparently made her the rage of London, though nothing is actually shown but her incurring the rage of Londoners. There is no verve in it; things merely dribble along, with *Jane* tiring of society and the young husband tiring of *Jane*. In the last act, by flanking *Jane* with a worldly writer who might be Maugham (Basil Rathbone) and a philandering newspaper tycoon (Howard St. John), the play manages a few rallies, but never quite comes right.

Only the air of the drawing room persists to the end; despite Edna Best's smooth playing, the charm of *Jane* fades out. Halfway along, she stops seeming faintly absurd and at once stops seeming alive. And she doesn't cut a wide enough swath, cause enough contretemps, shake up enough lives. In the end, the strong point of the play seems almost as much comment as character.

Gertie (by Enid Bagnold), a frail, younger English sister to *Jane*, paid Broadway the briefest of visits. A generally listless comedy, it concerned a family that would soon run out of money, and the plight of its two daughters in an England that seemed already to have run out of men. Its one real claim to attention was the Broadway debut, in the title role, of British Cinemactress Glynis (*State Secret*) Johns, who gave a highly engaging performance.

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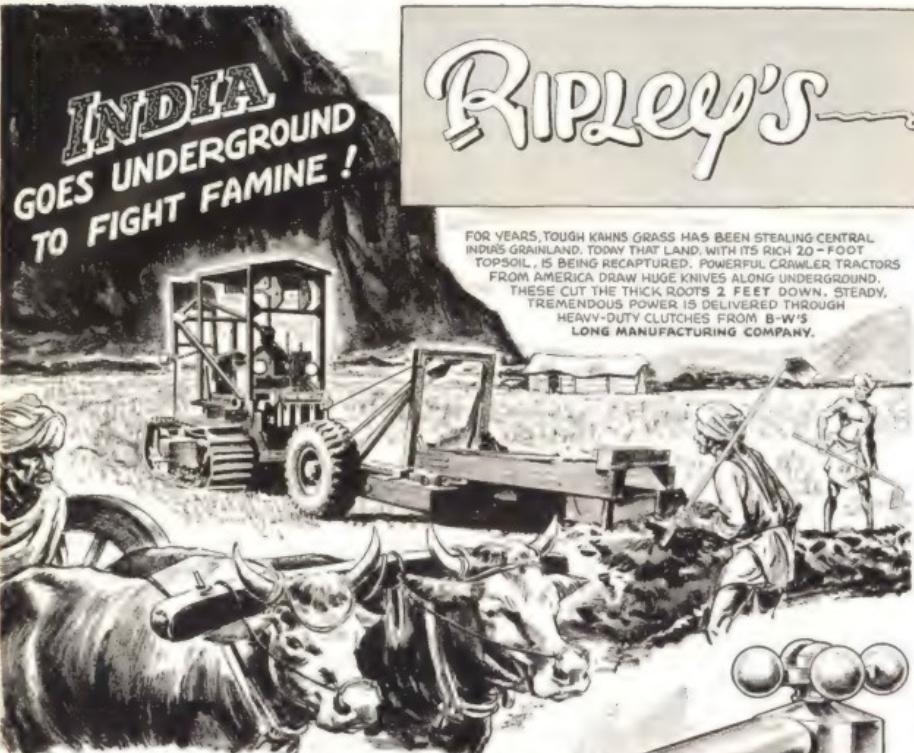
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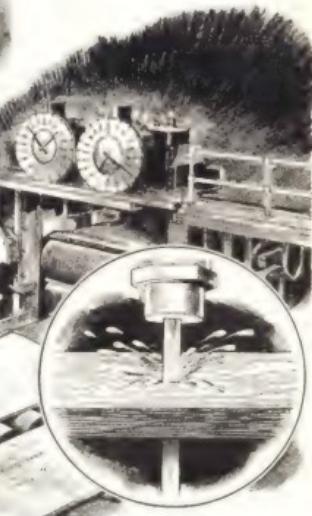
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Coal will continue to supply all the heat, light and power America needs. Of America's entire fuel reserves, 92% is coal and America's mines are the most efficient in the world!

Are you responsible for choosing a fuel to generate power in a factory—to heat a home or other building? Then think of the many advantages of *bituminous* coal!

DOWN-TO-EARTH FACTS ABOUT COAL

- ✓ Lowest-priced fuel almost everywhere!
- ✓ Labor costs are cut with modern boilers and automatic handling equipment!
- ✓ Easiest and safest to store of *all fuels*!
- ✓ America's vast reserves make coal's supply always dependable!
- ✓ Dependable supply assures price stability!
- ✓ A progressive industry strives constantly to deliver an ever better product at the lowest possible price!

BITUMINOUS COAL INSTITUTE

A Department of National Coal Association, Washington, D.C.

FOR ECONOMY  AND DEPENDABILITY

YOU CAN COUNT ON COAL!

BUSINESS & FINANCE

GOVERNMENT

Freed Banana

In past months the Office of Price Stabilization has fearlessly taken controls off such items as sphygmographs, Eskimo handicraft, canned rattlesnake meat, Easter-egg dye, truffles, cat beds, wigs, shoe horns, comb cleaners and incense burners. Last week it broadened the vistas of free enterprise. It removed price ceilings on "clay targets used in artificial shooting" and on "non-edible foods," e.g., wax apples and bananas.

Grain Scandals (Cont'd)

After poking its head into grain bins leased by the Agriculture Department's Commodity Credit Corp., a House subcommittee thought it smelled something rotten. Last week it accused CCC employees of accepting expensive presents from companies they did business with, and charged that CCC had wasted "millions of dollars" in grain-storage fees.

CCC had misinterpreted the law, said the subcommittee, and used private warehouses when Government-owned space was available. In doing so, the committee charged, CCC had rented at least 109 warehouses which were actually surplus Government property and which had been leased by the Government in the first place to private grain-storage companies. Specific committee charges:

¶ Fifteen workers in CCC's Dallas office took gifts from private companies ranging from "boxes of fruit and shrimp, raincoats, Stetson hats and Mexican belts with silver buckles to \$100 gift certificates and trips to expensive dude ranches and fishing resorts . . ."

¶ CCC paid storage charges of more than \$182,000 in 20 months to Kansas City's Mid-West Storage & Realty Co., even though the company rented the buildings from the Government at Camp Crowder, Mo., for only \$1,270 a year. V. M. Harris Grain Co., also at Camp Crowder, got \$290,335 for a surplus Army warehouse it rented from the Government for \$16,713. Sidney Smith, head of the CCC's Kansas City storage-claims office, was suspended for approving \$84,000 worth of storage fees after shortages were discovered in the Harris Co.'s elevators. At Forbes Air Base in Kansas, the Emergency Grain Storage Co. collected \$965,000 from CCC in three years, paid \$23,985 rent for its Government buildings.

¶ One Government employee, Stephen G. Benit Jr., was indicted by a federal grand jury in Fort Worth on charges of taking \$1,750 in bribes from an Oklahoma grain-elevator company. Yet the committee found that Benit was given a \$4,575-a-year job at OPS after being dismissed by CCC. Two other employees, in the Kansas City office, showed "official favoritism" toward Houston Texas' Lone Star Co. awarded it a contract even though its bid was higher than others submitted.

OIL

High-Flying Horse

At Manhattan's 26 Broadway, citadel of the old Standard Oil Trust until its dissolution in 1911, the directors of Socony-Vacuum Oil Co. last week trooped into their paneled meeting room, eased into leather chairs beneath John D. Rockefeller's portrait and listened to a report of Socony-Vacuum's 1951 profits that would have amazed old John D.

The most that Rockefeller's whole trust had ever earned, in its heyday, was \$83 million. In 1951, Socony-Vacuum, representing merely two of the 34 units into which the Supreme Court split the trust, earned nearly twice as much—a thumping

3,686 producing wells and 628 dry ones, developed more new oil reserves than any other U.S. company. As a result, Socony's proved domestic reserves have climbed from 1,121,000,000 bbls. in 1946 to 1,641,000,000. It has tapped an immense pool in its Pegasus Field in Texas, is one of the biggest explorers in North Dakota's promising Williston Basin, and has 6,800,000 acres on lease in Canada. It is already producing at its Duhamel field in Alberta, and a month ago brought in the new Roseray well in southern Saskatchewan.

Brewster's Millions. Longtime associates of unassuming Brewster Jennings fondly call him "a rich man's son who made good in spite of it." Both his paternal and maternal grandfathers, Benjamin



SOCONY'S CHAIRMAN HOLTON & PRESIDENT JENNINGS
Wall Streeters were fooled by a skinny stepsister.

Emil Reynolds

\$160 million (\$5 per common share) and a 25% gain over 1950. At the news, Socony's directors declared a March dividend of 50¢, up 25% from the last quarter, and Socony's stock pushed up to 40. Just ten years ago it sold at 6.

Wall Streeters had long looked down their noses at Socony-Vacuum, in spite of the fact that it has become the second biggest oil company in the U.S. in refining capacity.² The major reason was that Socony-Vacuum had grown up as primarily a marketing rather than producing organization. To inflation-wary investors, Socony looked a bit like a skinny stepsister of oil-rich Standard of N.J.

But Socony's President Benjamin Brewster Jennings, 55, and apple-cheeked Chairman George V. Holton, 61, have changed all that. In the six postwar years, they have plowed \$570 million into exploring and developing new fields, drilled

Brewster and Oliver B. Jennings, had held stake John D. Rockefeller, became his partners in running the Standard Oil Trust and left huge fortunes.³ As one of their heirs, young Jennings, after graduation from Yale in 1920, had no trouble landing a job with Socony (then Standard Oil Co. of New York) as a clerk in the marine department. Soon he was purchasing agent, then real-estate manager, became assistant to President John A. Brown, and stepped into his shoes at Brown's death in 1944.

Jennings shares command with Chairman Holton, a sometime \$5-a-month law clerk who became general counsel of Vacuum Oil Co., another result of the trust-busting, and moved into 26 Broadway in

¶ Jennings and Brewster both worked as clerks at what is now Manhattan's Browning King clothing chain, joined the 1849 California gold rush, started their own Jennings & Brewster store in San Francisco. They sold out in 1863 for \$150,000 each, used the money to back John D.

* Outranked only by Standard Oil (N.J.)



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Your bearing's performance
is tested and proved
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Considering the big part ball bearings must play in the efficient operation of your machine, it is important for you to know, and in advance, how the bearings will perform.

For example, you need to know what results may be expected from each type of grease under varying conditions.

Supplying you with this information is just one of the functions of New Departure's new and ultra-modern engineering laboratory.

To help you get the answers:

- What is the determining factor of seal-bearing life?
- How operating conditions contribute to metal fatigue?
- Which has the most effect on grease life—speed or load?
- Lubrication selection.

... a monograph, "Grease Lubrication of Ball Bearings," by New Departure's Manager of Research, Development and Design, will be mailed upon request.



Nothing Rolls Like a Ball...

NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS

NEW DEPARTURE • DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS • BRISTOL, CONNECTICUT

1931, when Socony and Vacuum merged, Jennings' hobby was woodworking. When he discovered that Chairman Holton's gavel was missing, he took an old table leg and turned him a new one on his lathe. The gavel is used sparingly, for both men rule Socony largely by committee (the board and the four-man executive committee); it is too large to do otherwise.

Socony's Kingdom. Socony's Flying Red Horse is the symbol of 49 subsidiaries and refineries that spread over all Europe and Asia,* as well as the U.S. and South America. Because of its spread, the empire took a beating in World War II. The *Luftroute* smashed its English lubricating plant, the R.A.F. its German and French refineries, and the Fascists confiscated those in Italy. After the war the Russians grabbed its plants in Poland, Rumania and Czechoslovakia. In spite of these setbacks, the Red Horse's wings are bigger than ever. The Japanese refinery and virtually all its West European refineries are working again. Socony and a British partner are building a new one in England. It is expanding production in Venezuela and Colombia; its bigger U.S. output more than makes up for European losses. Socony shares both the Trans-Arabian and Kirkuk-Tripoli pipelines, is the only U.S. producer in Egypt.

To keep track of the empire, Jennings and Holton need a map the size of a whole wall, operate their own private state department, frequently hear about turmoil in distant lands before the Government. Like all U.S. oilmen, they worry over the stirrings in the Middle East, the free world's greatest oil reserve. But they believe that U.S. companies, by generous dealings and farsighted statesmanship, can avert the disaster which overtook Britain in Iran. Says Chairman Holton: "In another 25 years or so, atomic power, or even solar energy, may diminish the importance of oil as motive power. But until they do, the Western world cannot survive without the Middle East."

WAGES & SALARIES

Matter of Survival

Rarely does a big union group agree to a major wage cut. But this week some 20,000 A.I.L. hosiery workers in Pennsylvania, Indiana and Wisconsin broke the trend, took a 15% to 25% cut. If they had refused, chances were that the 29 mills where they work would close down. Northern hosiery manufacturers have been hard hit by competition from the South's predominantly nonunion mills. With the wage cut, the northern companies are hopeful that they can compete again. Said one unionist: "We don't like this. But it is a matter of survival for the northern unionized mills."

* Socony and its ex-sister, Jersey Standard, split their Far East markets in a 50-50 subsidiary, Standard-Vacuum, and the Middle East through their joint ownership of a 23 3/4% interest in Iraq Petroleum Co. in 1948, Jersey, Standard Oil of California and the Texas Co., joint owners of Arabian American Oil Co., dealt Socony in for a 10% share for \$6 million.

More Per Man-Hour

CHEMICAL PROBLEM . . .

. . . to help metal foundries speed up the production of castings for tank armor and other defense needs.

SOLUTION . . .

. . . Truline® Binder . . . a low-cost Hercules resin used in sand for making cores, or centers of the molds into which the molten metal is poured. Truline speeds production two ways—it increases output of baking ovens by permitting faster baking of large or small cores; and provides more thoroughly baked, more uniform cores.

RESULT . . .

. . . increased output of top quality metal castings that meets the accelerated demands of defense plants.



Hercules' business is solving problems by chemistry for industry . . .



. . . rubber, insecticides, adhesives, soaps, detergents, plastics, paint, varnish, lacquer, textiles, paper, to name a few, use Hercules® synthetic resins, cellulose products, chemical cotton, terpene chemicals, rosin and rosin derivatives, chlorinated products and other chemical processing materials. Hercules® explosives serve mining, quarrying, construction, seismograph projects everywhere.

HERCULES

HERCULES POWDER COMPANY 933 Market Street, Wilmington, Del.
Sales Offices in Principal Cities

*This advertisement is neither an offer to sell, nor a solicitation of an offer to buy any of these securities.
The offering is made only by the Prospectus.*

NEW ISSUE

January 30, 1952

\$125,000,000

Aluminum Company of America 3 1/8% Sinking Fund Debentures

Dated February 1, 1952

Due February 1, 1964

Price 100% and accrued interest

Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained from any of the several underwriters, including the undersigned, only in States in which such underwriters are qualified to act as dealers in securities and in which the Prospectus may legally be distributed.

The First Boston Corporation

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Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane	Smith, Barney & Co.	
Stone & Webster Securities Corporation	Union Securities Corporation	White, Weld & Co.
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Frozen Assets a Thaw Can Ruin!



Frozen foods are among the most hazardous of commodities to ship. A refrigeration failure can destroy their value in a few short hours.

Expert guidance is required in drafting and negotiating adequate insurance for frozen foods in transit. As in many "special situations," the J&H inland marine department has solved insurance problems for a number of clients in this industry.

We invite your inquiries as to transportation insurance in any field of business.

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AVIATION Made for Each Other

As an aerial stuntman in the '20s and as a commercial airline pilot in the '30s, James Henry Carmichael earned a reputation for smart flying. Since becoming president of Capital Airlines in 1947, "Slim" Carmichael has shown the same talent for piloting an airline. He took over Capital when it was losing more than \$2,000,000 a year, cut costs by slashing his staff to the bone and boosted business by starting cut-rate coach service. In 4½ years, he pulled Capital out of its nose dive, climbed to a \$1,756,490 profit in 1951, and cut the line's debt from \$14,000,000 to \$3,000,000.

Last week Airman Carmichael, now 44, took on a bigger job. After four years of dickering, he signed an agreement to merge Capital with Northwest Airlines and form the biggest (8,080 route miles) U.S. domestic airline system. It is the latest of a series of mergers,⁶ now pending CAB action, designed to strengthen U.S. airlines. If the deal is approved, as expected, Carmichael will become president and operations boss of the new line. Northwest's President Croil Hunter, 58, will become board chairman.

Give & Take. Common stockholders of both lines will get one share in the new company, to be called Northwest-Capital Airlines, for each share they now hold (last price on both Capital and Northwest common: about \$16). Northwest's preferred stock will become preferred stock in the new company.

The merger should be a happy marriage. Capital has routes crisscrossing ten Middle Atlantic and Southeastern states, does a lucrative short-haul business be-

⁶ Others: Northeast and Delta (TIME, Oct. 9, 1950), National and Colonial (TIME, Dec. 24), and Braniff and Mid-Continent (TIME, Feb. 4).



Walter Bennett
CAPITAL'S CARMICHAEL
North to the Orient.



tween New York, Chicago and Washington. But it gets comparatively few long-haul passengers because they prefer to take transcontinental lines. With Northwest's cross-country flights to Seattle—and its overseas arms to Honolulu and to Japan, Okinawa, Korea, Formosa and the Philippines—that pattern should change (see map). For its part, Northwest would cash in on Capital's Eastern business, and get a transcontinental route through Chicago, which it has long wanted.

Cigarette Money. Both lines will also benefit in equipment. Northwest, which had trouble with Martin 2-0-2s (TIME, April 23), and has now sold or leased them, has a fleet of ten Boeing Stratocruisers to kick into the fleet. In addition, Northwest and Capital would pool 49 DC-4s, 35 DC-3s, and five Constellations (with seven more on order by Capital).

Big as the deal was, Slim Carmichael was as cool as ever. Once after he had brought a plane in safely on one wheel with one engine ripped off, he described the incident as "nothing to get excited about." Said Carmichael last week after signing the deal: "It was about as casual as if we were buying each other a pack of cigarettes."

SHOW BUSINESS Striking the Jolly Roger

When Columbia Records Inc. reissued some of its early Louis Armstrong recordings it ran into plenty of competition: some of the same records were already being sold by an obscure company called Paradox Industries, under the label "Jolly Roger." This pirate trademark was well justified, Columbia and Armstrong charged last week in a joint suit seeking to stop Paradox from selling the records and to collect damages. Paradox, they charged, had simply taken the old Columbia Armstrong records and pressed its own new ones from them.

To Columbia it was a clear-cut chance to make a court test of the growing business of record-pirating. In five years, said Columbia's President James B. Conkling, his men have tracked down the pirating of some 30 different brand-name records. Up

to now, Columbia had never been able to sue because the pirate firms would skip town or change their names.

Paradox, a hole-in-the-wall outfit run by a 23-year-old Manhattan record collector named Dante Bolletino, showed no sign of doing either. Bolletino had his records made by RCA's "custom pressing" department, which turns out records for many small companies. Some of Bolletino's pressings were even pirated from RCA's own Armstrong records. Bolletino cheerfully admitted that he had pressed from the original Columbia-owned records. But he insisted that he had violated no law, since copyrights do not cover records. He had not copied Columbia's trademark, which would have been a violation.

Aware of the hole in copyright laws, Columbia based its suit on "invasion of property rights," and Armstrong based his on an "invasion of privacy" (i.e., using his name without permission).

Pirating has been given a big boost by magnetic-tape recording equipment. With it, pirates can record top artists and orchestras from radio or TV broadcasts, frequently have finished recordings ready for sale within a few days. They job them through shops dealing primarily in second-hand records. Long-playing records, which cost pirates only about \$1 to \$1.50 apiece to press, are retailed at anywhere from \$2.50 to \$5.95.

AUTOS

No Thanks

OPS last week gave the Ford Motor Co. the green light for a price boost averaging close to 5% on 1952 models. But Ford said no thanks. Instead, Ford boosted prices a scant 3% on most models, actually reduced prices slightly on three. Ford was following the lead of General Motors, which did not take the full hike permitted by OPS under the Cephart Amendment.

The auto men could still change their minds and revise prices up to the ceiling. But they were taking no chances of pricing their cars out of the market. In the past six years, car prices have risen enough

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New Issue

500,000 Shares*

Amurex Oil Development Company

Class A Common Stock

(\$5 Par Value)

*Of which 100,000 shares are being offered elsewhere than
in the United States by Dominion Securities Corp., Limited.

Price \$10 per Share

Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained in any state from such of the Underwriters,
including the undersigned, as may lawfully offer the securities in such state.

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Ladenburg, Thalmann & Co. Salomon Bros. & Hutzler

January 30, 1952

to cause many a motorist to think twice before turning in his old car on a new one. Sample factory list prices on four-door models:

Ford Customline	1946	1952
Buick Super "51"	\$1,004	\$1,685
Chevrolet Styleline Special	1,397	2,245
Cadillac Series "60"	894	1,533
Pontiac Chieftain	3,099	4,323
Chrysler New Yorker	1,434	1,995
Plymouth Cranbrook	1,945	3,135
Oldsmobile Classic 98	1,225	1,689
Mercury Custom	1,565	2,532
	1,162	2,040

Prices in 1946 rarely included extra equipment such as radio, heater, etc., while some of the 1952 prices do include extras. Auto men quote factory list prices (usually Detroit), but to figure out his bill a motorist must add on shipping charges, taxes and equipment which is optional. These charges to a customer in New York, for example, can push the bill up as much as \$700 on low-priced cars and \$1,300 on high-priced models.

CORPORATIONS

Life Begins at 60

One day last summer, President Elmer Holmes Bobst of the Warner-Hudnut drug and cosmetic company phoned the head of Maltine Co., \$3,000,000-a-year maker of drugs. "How about lunch today?" he asked. Replied Maltine's James Chicott: "I'm just about to take off on a fishing trip. Is it really important?" Answered Bobst: "I just want to talk to you about buying your company."

Last week the talks which began in July ended successfully for President Bobst. In a stock swap deal, he bought control of the Maltine Co., set up its Chicott drug-producing laboratories as a separate division of Warner-Hudnut, Inc. With the addition of Maltine, Bobst hopes to bring Warner-Hudnut's sales of drugs, now 30% of its total, into closer balance with its cosmetics sales.

The Old Folks. An art collector, tropical fish fancier and medical hobbyist (he has a library of 1,000 medical books), Elmer Bobst, 67, is also a keen student of geriatrics, has great faith "in the vast potential inherent in some 12 to 15 million people [in the U.S.] past the age of 65." Bobst himself is a testimonial to his faith. For him, life began anew at 60, when he came out of retirement to take over Warner-Hudnut. He also breathed new life into the company. Bobst launched a big expansion program, in six years boosted the company's sales by 70% to \$45 million, its net from \$2,639,000 to \$3,300,000 for 1951.

Bobst got his start as a \$3-a-week pill pusher in Philadelphia, studied pharmacy at night, and got his license at 20. After managing a number of druggists in the city, he landed a job as Philadelphia representative for Hoffmann-La Roche, Inc., a big pharmaceutical house. Bobst called on all the doctors in the area, sold so many drugs that when Hoffmann-La Roche was

COLD got you?
MAKE A FRIEND OF
Tabcin

When you take cold—take TABCIN quickly! TABCIN is the modern cold formula of times. It contains ingredients to relieve the headache, the feverish feeling and aches and pains of a cold. TABCIN also contains antihistamine to check sneezes and sniffles. TABCIN offers more complete cold relief than the antihistamine alone.

Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.

ALL DRUG STORES IN THE BRIGHT RED PACKAGE

Atlas Corporation

33 Pine Street, New York 5, N.Y.

Dividend No. 41
on Common Stock

A regular quarterly dividend of 40¢ per share has been declared, payable March 21, 1952, to stockholders of record at the close of business on February 27, 1952 on the Common Stock of Atlas Corporation.

WALTER A. PETERSON, Treasurer
January 26, 1952.

These Notes have not been and are not being offered to the public.
This announcement appears only as a matter of record.

New Issue

\$2,500,000

Fansteel Metallurgical Corporation

4½% Promissory Notes

Due February 1, 1964

Private placement of these Notes was negotiated by the undersigned.

Hallgarten & Co.

January 30, 1952,

Clark, Dodge & Co.



How Many CHERRY RIVETS In A Modern Super Bomber?

In aircraft construction, Cherry Blind Rivets are virtually indispensable. Their practicability is demonstrated by the fact that more than a quarter-million of these ingenious rivets help stitch various components of the modern super bomber — as many as sixty thousand are used in the construction of a four-engine transport. Their use makes possible refinements of design and assembly methods of control surfaces and other components that speed fabrication with big savings in unit costs.

The use of Cherry Blind Rivets has spread from aircraft construction to all industry. Designers and production engineers find them especially applicable in blind spots because Cherry Blind Rivets are installed by one man from one side of the work and eliminate the helper used to buck other types of rivets. Cherry Rivets are used in double-surfaced structures, box sec-

tions, tubes, ducts, and other hard-to-reach places. Their time and cost saving features are used to advantage in railroad cars, busses, trailers, household appliances, automobiles, and other equipment where reduction in assembly time can be substantial—where improvement in product is important.

Cherry Blind Rivets are one group in the Townsend family of fasteners which are used by all industry to fasten metal, plastics, wood, glass and fabrics together. As specialists in cold heading, Townsend engineers, with a complete line of fasteners and parts to draw upon, can better help solve your fastening problem by giving you an unbiased recommendation. If necessary they will design a special item to fit your individual need. For information on how you can speed production by improving your fastening efficiency, write your nearest Townsend plant or office.

Townsend

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THE FASTENING AUTHORITY—Experience: over 136 years—Capacity: sixty-million parts daily—Products: over ten-thousand types—solid rivets—cold-headed parts—Cherry Blind Rivets—self-tapping screws—tubular rivets—locknuts—special nails—formed wire parts.

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TIMKEN *Detroit* AXLES

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Here's One More Reason Why— RECTANGULAR AXLE HOUSINGS

Your trucks will carry more payload—and keep within legal weight limitations—when they're equipped with Timken-Detroit Axles! That's because Timken-Detroit's rectangular steel axle housing is the most rigid and yet the lightest—rated capacity for rated capacity—ever built! This would still hold true even if metals of lighter weight could be used, within practical space limitations. This rugged housing is hot-forged of high-carbon steel—putting dense, compacted steel into the corners for maximum resistance to vertical and horizontal bending. A heavy steel cover is welded in place to complete a rigid, one-piece structure. Wheel spindles are made from forgings of alloy steel* for maximum surface hardness at the wheel bearings and are electrically butt-welded to the housing shell. Laboratory tests and field experience have proved this Timken-Detroit rectangular axle housing carries loads with much less deflection than conventional housings of the same rated load-carrying capacity. Whether you build, buy or sell trucks, you'll be wise to standardize on Timken-Detroit Axles and Brakes!

*One series only of light-duty axle housings have high-carbon steel spindles.

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF AXLES FOR TRUCKS, BUSES AND TRAILERS

PLANTS AT: Detroit and Jackson, Mich. • Oshkosh, Wis. • Utica, N. Y.

Ashtabula, Kenton and Newark, Ohio • New Castle, Pa.

going under in the 1920 depression, he was made general manager. He promoted new products, cut overhead, soon had the company in the black. He was made president, boosted to \$300,000 a year, and retired in 1944—but not for long.

The head of Warner-Hudnut (then William R. Warner & Co., Inc.), a longtime Bobst friend, was ailing, and thought his company needed someone new at the top; he asked Bobst to take over. "The business was dominated by cosmetic cooks," Bobst recalls. "They built their products on the basis of sight, smell and feel. They had no regard for the needs of the skin and hair." Bobst changed all that by putting a top chemist in charge of Warner's cosmetics research.

The New Products. He started to broaden Warner's lines by buying up companies at bargain rates. He picked up Courtney's men's toiletries for \$1,500,000



Mooney Garber

ELMER BOBST
He relieves competitors' ulcers.

(last year's sales: \$1,200,000), got a cut-rate deal on Chen Yu (nail polish and lipstick), and paid \$1,000,000 for Raymond Laboratories, maker of Rayne shampoos and home permanents (later sold to Lever Bros. for \$5,000,000). Bobst also brought out Hudnut's own line of men's toilet goods and heavily plugged such oldtime Warner stand-bys as the famed Sloan's Liniment and the DuBarry Success Schools.

In the drug field, Bobst brought out an anti-histamine, candy-coated vitamins (for children), an anti-coagulant used in thrombosis cases (\$1.25 a shot) and a new preparation for ulcers. Company gasters like to say that Bobst worries his competitors into ulcers, then supplies the relief.

Nevertheless Bobst does not think he has yet realized his own "wast potential." Last week, having set up Malrite as a separate Warner-Hudnut division, he was looking over two more companies that he would like to buy.

MILESTONES

Born. To Conductor Leopold Stokowski, 64, and Heiress Gloria Vanderbilt Stokowski, 27, his third wife: their second child (his fifth), second son; in Manhattan. Weight: 9 lbs., 3 oz.

Married. Australia's Tennis Star Frank (Francis Arthur) Sedgman, 24, U.S. singles champion and holder (with Partner Ken McGregor) of the Wimbledon, French, U.S. and Australian doubles titles; and Margaret Jean Spence, 21, daughter of a Melbourne professional golfer; after their "wedding gift fund," scraped up by the public in appreciation of Frank's decision to stay "amateur" (TIME, Jan. 4), swelled to \$12,150; in Melbourne.

Died. Sergei M. Trufanov, 71, once known as "Iliodor, the Mad Monk of Russia," demagogic foe of Rasputin, his one-time mentor and ally; of a heart ailment; in Manhattan. Trufanov lost his political struggle with Rasputin, fled unfrocked to New York, went back to Russia after the Revolution with a quixotic plan to set himself up as the "Russian Pope" and re-vamp the Orthodox Church to suit the Bolsheviks. Embittered and disillusioned, he came back to the U.S. for good in 1921, became a Baptist, got work as a janitor, passed his final decades in obscurity.

Died. Harold Leclair Ickes, 77, self-styled "Old Curmudgeon," longtime New Deal hatchet man and Franklin D. Roosevelt's only Secretary of the Interior (1933-46); of complications from arthritis; in Washington, D.C. (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

Died. Anne Morgan, 78, youngest of Financier J. Pierpont Morgan's four children, philanthropic Francophile, kid-gloved feminist; of a coronary occlusion; in Mt. Kisco, N.Y. Turning her hereditary power drive to good works, she plunged into war relief during World War I with her American Committee for Devastated France, was at it again in World War II with her American Friends of France, became the first American woman to be made a Commander of the French Legion of Honor. Between wars, as long-time (1928-43) president of the American Woman's Association, she was a suave and effective woman's-rights crusader. Like her dynamic father and her banker brother, the late J.P., Anne Morgan made no apologies for her wealth (her father left her a \$3 million trust fund) or high station. Said she: "I believe in the true aristocracy . . . which realizes that it has inherited something magnificent, with the obligation to carry it on."

Died. Brigadier General (ret.) Wilber Elliott Wilder, 95, oldest surviving graduate (77) of the U.S. Military Academy, winner of the Medal of Honor for gallantry in action against the Apaches in 1882; on Governors Island, N.Y.

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CINEMA

Box Office

January's top-drawing favorites, as reported this week in *Variety's* survey of 24 key cities:

- 1) *Quo Vadis* (M-G-M)
- 2) *I'll See You in My Dreams* (Warner)
- 3) *My Favorite Spy* (Paramount)
- 4) *Distant Drums* (Warner)
- 5) *Double Dynamite* (RKO Radio)

Keep It Lavish

Hollywood, spurred by its success in luring moviegoers away from their TV sets, considered a new idea: take any old film story that has proved its box-office pull and 1) reproduce it in gorgeous Technicolor, 2) throw in some songs and dances,

The picture shows Zapata (Marlon Brando) as a somewhat crude but noble fellow with a nice regard for the social amenities. He is also characterized as a thinker and talker, as well as a brawler. According to the movie, he is a sort of middle-of-the-road democrat who repudiates both dictators and rabid revolutionists. When the real-life Zapata wasn't busy killing his enemies, he found time to go through bogus marriage ceremonies with 26 women, only one of whom he wed legally. The film Tiger is permitted only one beauteous señorita (Jean Peters).

When John Steinbeck's screenplay is not dishing up prime politics and flabby moralizing (the unlettered bandit is made to mouth such sentiments as: "I don't



MARLON BRANDO & JEAN PETERS
No tiger, he.

and 3) make it look lavish, regardless of budget. Old favorites slated for the music and color treatment: *Huckleberry Finn* and *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* at M-G-M; *Brother Rat* and *The Male Animal* at Warner, *What Price Glory?* at 20th Century-Fox.

The New Pictures

Viva Zapata! (20th Century-Fox) is a delayed cinematic footnote to M-G-M's slambang *Viva Villa* (1934), in which Wallace Beery sweatily portrayed Mexico's bandit patriot, Villa's revolutionary ally to the south in the bloody 1911-19 uprisings was fiery Emiliano Zapata, nicknamed "the Tiger."

Viva Zapata! makes the Tiger out to be a pretty tame cat. According to history, Zapata was not only a great folk hero and agrarian emancipator, but also a cruel, cunning Guerrero Indian whose notorious Death Legion made human torches of the enemy and staked living men to anthills.

want to be the conscience of the world"), *Viva Zapata!* is good, muscular horse opera. Director Elia Kazan has filled it with vigorous action—horsemen charging, ammunition trains being dynamited and peons fighting. Striking sequence: President Francisco Madero being shot down by the military in the glare of automobile headlights while a siren drowns out his cries.

The cast includes such acceptable Latin types as Anthony Quinn and Margo, and such less acceptable Latin types as Jean Peters. In the title role, Marlon Brando, wearing a spit-curl hairdo, drooping mustachios and cartwheel sombrero, slouches and mumbles his way through the excitement in a deadpan Brando voice.

The Las Vegas Story (RKO Radio) must have been easy for Jane Russell because she has done so many movies just like it. This time, Jane arrives in Las Vegas as the discontented wife of Vincent Price,



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TIME, FEBRUARY 11, 1952



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a near-bankrupt broker who hopes to remake his fortune at the dice tables. To Jane, the visit is one long remembrance of things past, for it was in Las Vegas that she loved and left Victor Mature, a local policeman. In their big confrontation scene, Jane delicately dilates her nostrils and Victor clenches his jaw so hard that his ears wiggle, thus making it clear to the dullest moviegoer that this is an incendiary passion.

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JANE RUSSELL
Also a glass-walled shower.

sequence: villainous Brad Dexter, absconding in a stolen car with both Jane Russell and the jewels, is pursued and overtaken by Mature in a helicopter. Besides petulantly tossing her head at both Mature and Vincent Price, Jane sings three songs by Hoagy Carmichael, and is thoroughly photographed in bed, in a glass-walled shower, and in & out of a succession of deep-plunging evening dresses.

This Woman Is Dangerous [Warner] shows how Joan Crawford loses her sight and then finds true love in the anti-septic arms of the surgeon who saves her vision. The stumbling block to this romance is that Joan, as usual, has a lurid past: she is the brain, front woman and nursemaid to a pair of hysterical gunmen (David Brian and Philip Carey). What with planning robberies, quieting their tantrums and offering such motherly warnings as, "Now don't hurt anyone," as she passes out the guns, it is remarkable that she doesn't lose her mind as well as her sight.

After sticking up a New Orleans gambling den for \$100,000, Joan finds that everything is going black. She heads for the eye clinic of a Hoosier Dr. Kildare (Dennis Morgan). While he is simultane-

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ously stitching together Joan's optical nerves and surrendering his heart, her gun pals are killing cops, slugging each other and fretting about what Joan's up to. Gangster Brian, who seems to regard her with a proprietary eye, decides to go gunning for Surgeon Morgan. He comes to his destined end by crashing through the glass canopy of an operating room after being shot on the wing by the police.

Joan goes through her paces as a dangerous woman with all the familiarity of long experience, but Dennis Morgan's boyish twinkling seems oddly out of place for the greatest eye doctor in the U.S.

Bugles in the Afternoon (Warner) takes a Technicolor gallop across western prairies infested by Indians who can shoot straight only when they are not shooting at the hero. The indestructible hero is brooding Ray Milland, who has been drummed out of his regiment back east for running a sabre into dastardly Hugh Marlowe. Re-enlisting at a frontier fort, he is soon squabbling with Marlowe again, this time over the affections of beauteous Helena Carter.

The tried & true background for these familiar dramatics is the Custer expedition against the Sioux that ended in the disaster of the Little Big Horn. But, even during the massacre, the film hedges on its six-shooting action and offers only distant and muddy-colored glimpses. Based on one of Ernest Haycox's cow-country novels, *Bugles* is nearly as empty of content as surprises. Forrest Tucker rings a few changes on the role of a comedy Irish trooper, and Director Roy Rowland, by repeated applications of Hollywood oil, almost manages to keep the lumbering plot from creaking too loudly.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Rashomon. An extraordinary Japanese film, Oriental in style and mood, yet universal in its insights into the frailty of the human animal (*TIME*, Jan. 7).

Decision Before Dawn. A German prisoner (Oskar Werner) sweats out a mission as a U.S. spy in Germany on the brink of defeat in World War II (*TIME*, Dec. 24).

Miracle in Milan. Italian Director Vittorio (*The Bicycle Thief*) De Sica's funny, exhilarating fantasy about a goodhearted youth in a wicked world (*TIME*, Dec. 17).

Quo Vadis. M-G-M's \$6,500,000 worth of spectacle in Nero's Rome; with 30,000 extras, Robert Taylor and Deborah Kerr (*TIME*, Nov. 10).

The Browning Version. Michael Redgrave as an English public-school teacher burdened with humiliating failure until Playwright-Scripter Terence Rattigan helps him to straighten up (*TIME*, Nov. 12).

Detective Story. Director William Wyler's exciting version of the Sidney Kingsley stage hit, with Kirk Douglas as the over-righteous detective and Eleanor Parker as his less-than-perfect wife (*TIME*, Oct. 29).

An American in Paris. Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron dance to George Gershwin's tunes in a gay musical (*TIME*, Oct. 8).



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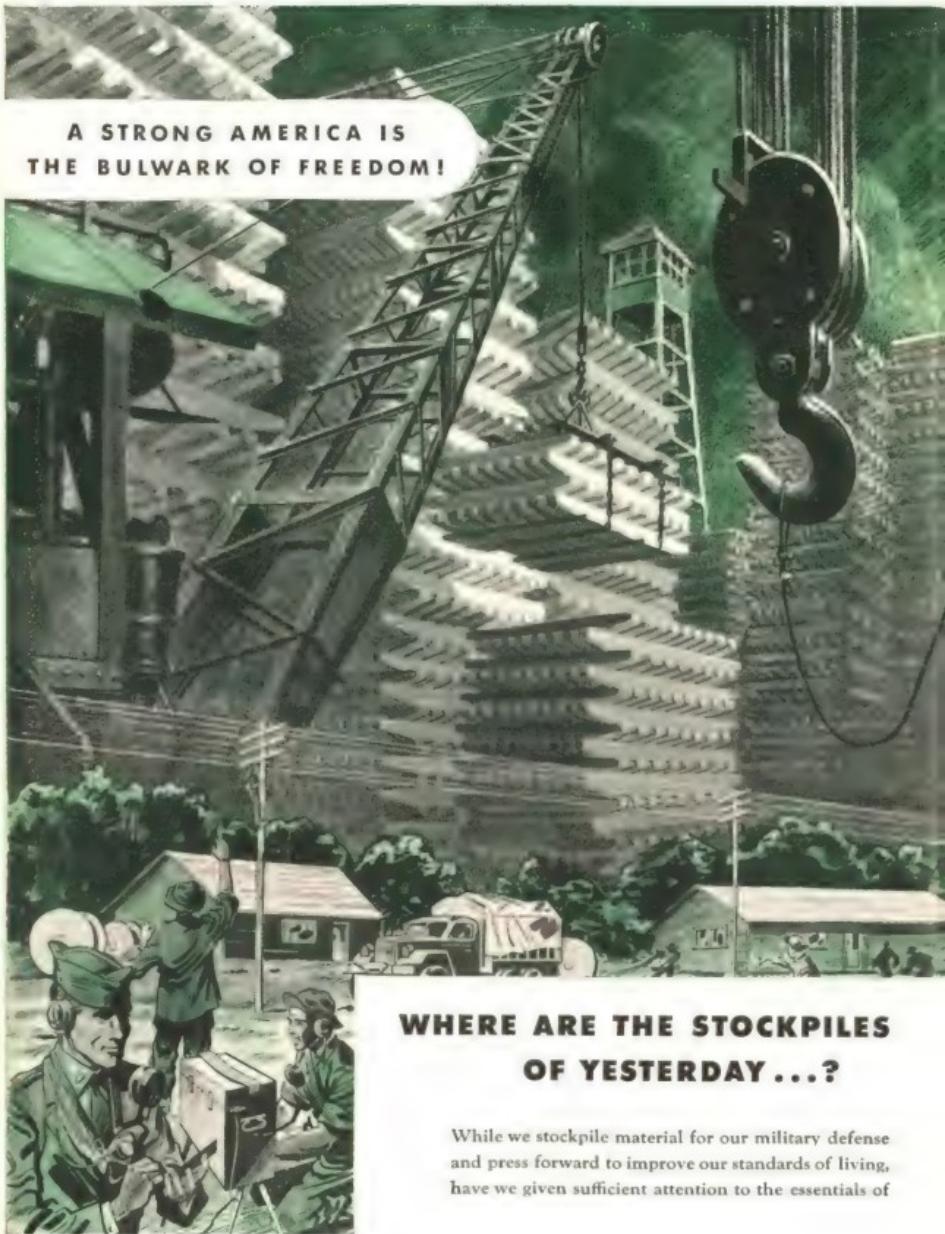
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character and integrity which built a great America? The enemy within and the enemy without thrive on the weaknesses of the individual citizen. The success of the enemy is possible only to the extent that we—each of us—fail to meet our obligations. In all fields of endeavor—in public and in private pursuits, in our own "backyard" as well as in the

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BOOKS

Whodunit?

MY COUSIN RACHEL [348 pp.]—Daphne du Maurier—Doubleday (\$3.50).

An up & coming British officer named Frederick Browning* confided to a boat builder in the late '30s that he hoped to buy a boat if his wife's next book turned out a success. No man ever had a sounder basis for hope. His wife is Novelist Daphne du Maurier, and the book she was working on was called *Rebecca*.

The latest Du Maurier novel, *My Cousin Rachel* (her tenth in 20 years), is no *Rebecca*, but it is still the stuff of which dreamboats are made. The movies have already bought it for a reported \$100,000, and the Literary Guild has made it the February choice. In the current story market, neither could have made a wiser move. *My Cousin Rachel* is that comparatively rare thing in present-day writing, an expert blend of suspense, shrewd realism and romantic hokum.

What, or who, killed Cousin Ambrose at that sinister villa in Florence? Was it a "hereditary" brain tumor? Or was it Rachel, his half-Italian, half-English bride? Ambrose, a confirmed bachelor and English country gentleman, had gone to Florence for his health, wound up as a bumbling, then a fearful, husband. To Philip, his heir in Cornwall, it all seemed plain as day: Rachel and her sinister adviser Rainaldi had murdered Cousin Ambrose. Then Rachel came to Cornwall on a visit and, in no time, her cute tricks had Philip dancing attendance like a pup. But when Philip began to get headaches and nearly died, the old questions returned. Was it brain sickness or poison? Why did Rainaldi show up? Why did Cousin Rachel allow Philip to think she would marry him, and then back out when he had signed over the estate? The scene is the Rebecca country 100 years or more ago, the atmosphere is Gothic, the suspense is played out like Florentine silk cord, and the ending comes where most mysteries begin. Put it all together and it spells the first big bestseller of 1952.

American Poet

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON [318 pp.]—Ellsworth Barnard—Macmillan (\$4.75).

Six months after her son's birth in December 1869, Mrs. Robinson of Head Tide, Me., had not got around to naming the baby, her third. Distressed by this, a lady from Arlington, Mass., suggested picking a name from a hat. Out of the hat came a slip marked "Edwin." Well pleased, Mother Robinson tacked on "Arlington" in honor of the lady from Massa-

* Who later, as Major General Browning, became chief of Britain's Air-Borne Command in World War II, and now, as Lieut. General Sir Frederick Browning, serves as Controller of Princess Elizabeth's household.



DAPHNE DU MAURIER & HUSBAND
The stuff of dreamboats.

chusetts, and Edwin Arlington Robinson was tagged with the first of many labels.

"Failure" was one of the tags he applied to himself for a long time. "Poet" was another, but Edwin Arlington Robinson was 53 before the U.S. recognized that he was a major one.

Duffer at Harvard. Robinson's father was reluctant to let him go to college, because one of Edwin's older brothers had gone to college to study medicine, and had become, by 29, an addict to his own morphine bottle. Father Robinson at last gave grudging consent for the boy to attend classes at Harvard, though lack



EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON
The wormwood of suffering.

of credits made him a "special student." Robinson was happy at Harvard, if a bit of a social duffer. Women terrified him (he was to remain a bachelor all his life), and he felt that dancing lowered a man's "natural dignity." Painfully shy, he preferred to "smoke a pipe and talk of Matthew Arnold."

A year after his father died, Robinson had to leave Harvard and go back to Maine. But he could not keep his mind on his chores around the house: he was devoured by the "itch for authorship." At 27 he scraped together \$52 and privately published his first book of poems. Critics were polite, the public was indifferent. At 30 Robinson tried again. He took a small family inheritance and moved to New York. He was soon living on a diet of beans, apples and rejection slips. When he had enough rejected poems for another book, he scouted vainly for a publisher. One house stalled him off for a year. The truth was that a member of the firm had mislaid the manuscript in a brothel.

Discovered by T.R. Literary friends banded together to get the book published, but it made no bigger dent than the first one. Despondent, Robinson began hitting the bottle and living on loans and handouts from his friends. In 1903, when New York City was building its first subway, he took a job as time-checker. The first day, the nearsighted poet fell into an excavation, but he stuck with the job, ten hours a day at \$2 a day for nine months. At night he drowned his frustration in cheap whisky. To a friend he wrote: "I was a tragedy in the beginning, and it is hardly probable that I shall ever be anything else. What manner of cave I shall select for a time is of no real importance."

But the "Poet in the Subway" (as a sensational article in the New York *World* dubbed him) was about to get a lift. A book review helped to do it, mostly because the reviewer was President Theodore Roosevelt. His young son Kermit had sent him the revamped edition of Robinson's first book, and the excited T.R. prodded Scribner's into reissuing it. In his review in the *Outlook*, T.R. foreshadowed many a Robinson admirer since by admitting: "I am not sure I understand *Luke Hawvergal*; but I am entirely sure I like it."

Bestseller at 58. In the meantime, Roosevelt gave Robinson practical help in the form of a \$1,000-a-year sinecure with the Customs Bureau. Robinson never quite knew what his duties were, and in 1909, when incoming Taft appointees demanded that he perform them, he resigned. But he was never again reduced to a mean struggle for subsistence. His verse flowed out increasingly in long dramatic poems, such as *Merlin*, *Lancelot*, and *Tristram*, written around the Arthurian legends. In time, he won three Pulitzer Prizes (1922, 1925, 1927), lived to see *Tristram* become such a bestseller in 1927 that it earned him royalties of \$15,000.

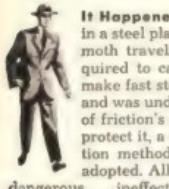
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The vision of a warrior bold
Would set him dancing.

Miniver sighed for what was not,
And dreamed, and rested from his labors.
He dreamed of Thebes and Camelot,
And Priam's neighbors.

Miniver mourned the ripe renown
That made so many a name so fragrant,
He mourned Romance, now on the town,
And Art, a vagrant.

Miniver loved the Medici,
Albeit he had never seen one;
He would have sinned incessantly
Could he have been one.

Miniver cursed the commonplace
And eyed a khaki suit with loathing;
He missed the medieval grace
Of iron clothing.

Miniver scorned the gold he sought,
But sore annoyed was he without it;
Miniver thought, and thought, and thought,
And thought about it.

Miniver Cheevey, born too late,
Scratched his head and kept on thinking;
Miniver coughed, and called it fate,
And kept on drinking.

NEW ENGLAND

Here where the wind is always north-north-east
And children learn to walk on frozen toes,
Wonder begets an envy of all those
Who boil elsewhere with such a lyric yeast
Of love that you will hear them at a feast
Where demons would appeal for some repose,
Still clamoring where the chalice overflows
And crying wildest who have drunk the least.

Passion is here a solitaire of the wits,
We're told, and Love a cross for them to bear;
Joy shivers in the corner where she knits
And Conscience always has the rocking-chair,
Cheerful as when she tortured into its
The first cat that was ever killed by Care.

RICHARD CORY

Whenever Richard Cory went down town,
We people on the pavement looked at him:
He was a gentleman from sole to crown,
Clean favored, and imperially slim.

And he was always quietly arrayed,
And he was always human when he talked;
But still he fluttered pulses when he said,
"Good-morning," and he glittered when he walked.

And he was rich—yes, richer than a king—
And admirably schooled in every grace:
In fine, we thought that he was everything
To make us wish that we were in his place.

So on we worked, and waited for the light,
And went without the meat, and cursed the bread;
And Richard Cory, one calm summer night,
Went home and put a bullet through his head.

From Collected Poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson. Macmillan (1927).

son's case one of the clues to what he is driving at is knowledge of what he was driven by. When Critic Barnard is not busy unraveling the poet's knottier lines, he sees Robinson pretty much the way Robinson eventually saw himself: as an "idealist" in philosophy, a traditionalist in verse form, a liberal humanist in spirit.

The Optimist. Edwin Arlington Robinson was the only sizable poet the U.S. had between Emily Dickinson and the poetic renaissance around World War I sparked by Robert Frost, Ezra Pound, Carl Sandburg and Edgar Lee Masters. Robinson found the poetic landscape "flowing with milk and water." He injected the gall & wormwood of realism. In general, he celebrated the individual, not by tracking the footprints of great men, but by tracing the soul-prints of weak ones. The Miniver Cheevys, the Richard Corys, the fumblers, the failures, the souses were not freaks to him but symbols of man's suffering lot. Calling himself a man "born with my skin inside out," he could not resign himself to man's fate, nor could he elevate its meaning much beyond his own strange and terrible endurance.

Why are we as we are? We do not know.
Why do we pay so heavily for so little?
Or for so much? Or for whatever it is?
We do not know. We only pay, and die.

Nonetheless, he called himself "the damndest optimist that ever lived." And in his stoic dedication to his vocation, he certainly acted as though he was. When an early critic accused him of seeing the world as a "prison house," he retorted: "The world is not a 'prison house' but a kind of spiritual kindergarten, where millions of bewildered infants are trying to spell God with the wrong blocks."

Robinson picked up quite a few wrong blocks himself, but also enough right ones to spell American poet.

Nine Years Under Cover

I LED THREE LIVES (323 pp.)—Herbert Philbrick—McGraw-Hill (\$3.50).

The Communists never really had a chance against Herb Philbrick. They tried to make a fool of a man who was not only horn salesmen but an active and dedicated Baptist too, and they paid a high price for the blunder. Three years ago, at the trial of the eleven top U.S. Reds, Philbrick took the stand as a surprise Government witness. His testimony, compiled during nine years as an FBI counterspy, helped to show the workings of the U.S. Communist Party.

Counterspy Philbrick tells the story of those nine years in *I Led Three Lives*. It is the story of a sane man who subjected

himself to "a manufactured schizophrenia," who postponed indefinitely his own life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness, to get to the bottom of the great Communist conspiracy in the U.S.

First Assignments. Philbrick's nine-year adventure began innocently, even comically, on a fine spring day in 1940. An ad salesman of 25 at the time, he was following his nose around Boston, sniffing for new business. At a door marked "Massachusetts Youth Council" he dropped in to run off his spiel. The comrade-in-charge, a pleasant-faced young woman, must have been amused at the spectacle of a man trying to sell direct-mail advertising to a front organization of the Communist Party.

Instead, she sold Philbrick on the need for Youth Council in his neighborhood. She played up to his obvious interest in young people's organizations, to his starry-eyed belief that such groups could help keep the U.S. out of war, reduce unemployment and build "character, confidence and stability." With the help of some new-found friends and members of the Massachusetts Youth Council, Philbrick set up a Cambridge branch and was elected chairman—and then began to have the uneasy sensation of a man who is having the rug pulled slowly from under his feet. Gradually it came to him that the friends,

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who were quietly taking over the organization, were Communists.

Into the Shadows. Philbrick went to the FBI. He was told to go along with the friends, if he felt able to, and to see what would happen. Slowly, point by point, Philbrick let himself be argued over to the Communist way. In 1942 he was invited to join the Young Communist League. After two more years of grubbing at preparatory assignments—circulating petitions, raising funds for front organizations, attending interminable discussion groups—he was invited to join the Communist Party itself.

The decision was a hard one. For four years, Philbrick had given at least three nights a week to Communist work. In addition, he was carrying a full-time public-relations job with Paramount Pictures. On top of that, by his own inclination (and with party approval) he was busy in



N.Y. Daily Mirror—International

COURTESY PHILBRICK
He increased his life insurance.

neighborhood church work. And finally, late at night, after everything else was attended to, Philbrick had his reports to write for the FBI. There was not much time for home life with his wife and three children.

And there was the double risk of detection. If his employer found out he was a Communist, his career might be wrecked; if the Communists found out he was a counterspy, he felt pretty sure that his life would be in danger. Already he suspected that he had been followed by Communist counterspies. Nevertheless, Philbrick felt that he had to go on. He took out all the life insurance he could swing and, with the courageous support of his wife, stepped into the shadows as Comrade "Herb."

End of an Ordeal. During the next five years, Herb wrote publicity and pamphlets for the cause, was named to the party's "education" committee for New England (headed by Jack Stachel, of the



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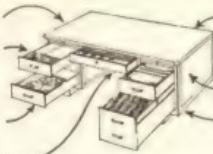
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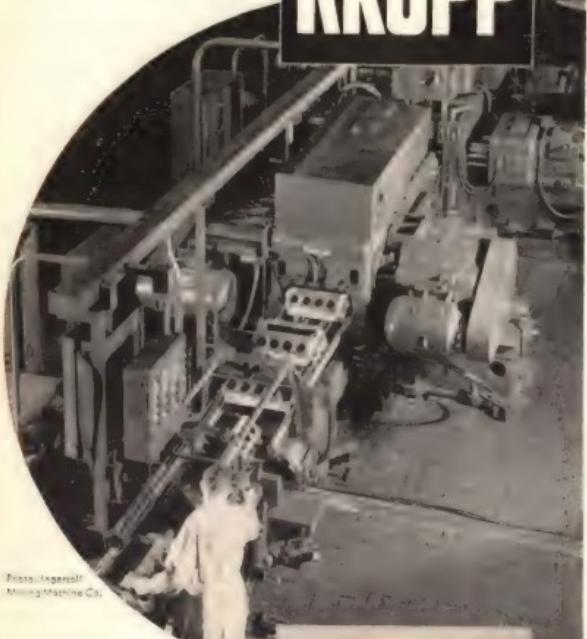


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Eleven), joined a supersecret professional group that collected U.S. financial and industrial data, arranged receptions for such personages as the Very Reverend Hewlett Johnson, the "Red Dean" of Canterbury—and even, for awhile, acted as a counter-espionage, assigned to search for possible informers within the party.

Everything Comrade Herb saw and heard went into his reports to the FBI.

At times, the strain of maintaining his three identities—citizen, Communist, counterespionage—was almost more than Philbrick could stand. He would find himself involuntarily flushing during a discussion of party loyalty. And sometimes, in the darkness and exhaustion of the night, there came to his mind the bleak fear that "the sheer power of the party leaders with whom I worked" would break his will, and turn him into a real Communist.

All at once, the ordeal was over. The FBI called him to the witness stand. As Comrade Herb began his testimony, he had some measure of reward for his pains in the looks of dazed astonishment that passed over the faces of the defendants.

There have since been other rewards: public acclaim, a chance for some family life, the restoration of old friends who had been alienated as, one by one, they came to suspect something of his apparent political sympathies. But perhaps best of all for Salesman Philbrick has been the chance to get back to selling only products which he can believe in. The New York *Herald Tribune*, which delegated a pair of staff writers to help Philbrick with his book and serialized *I Led Three Lives* on its front page, has also hired its author as an ad salesman.

RECENT & READABLE

Awakening, by Jean-Baptiste Rossi. Attraction and love between an adolescent boy and a nun; a remarkable first novel by a French teen-ager (*TIME*, Feb. 4).

Nell Gwynn: Royal Mistress, by John H. Wilson. A brisk and scholarly biography of Charles II's famous doxy (*TIME*, Feb. 4).

Leonardo da Vinci, by Antonina Valentin. Excellent biography of one of the most gifted men who ever lived; first published in the '30s and reissued now for the 500th anniversary of his birth (*TIME*, Jan. 28).

The Confident Years (1885-1915), by Van Wyck Brooks. Fifth and concluding volume of Critic Brooks's guided tour of U.S. literature (*TIME*, Jan. 1).

Borabba, by Pär Lagerkvist. The story of a reprieved cutthroat who was haunted to the end by the memory of Golgotha; a fine novel by the 1951 Nobel Prizewinner (*TIME*, Dec. 3).

Closing the Ring, Volume V of Winston Churchill's incomparable history of World War II (*TIME*, Nov. 26).

The Conformist, by Alberto Moravia. Italy's best novelist unravels the character of a Fascist (*TIME*, Nov. 12).

Life's Picture History of Western Man. A vividly illustrated panorama of a thousand years of Western civilization (*TIME*, Nov. 5).

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MISCELLANY

Piper's Pay. In Manchester, England, Kenneth Simpson went to jail for three months for stealing a lead pipe in order to raise money to pay a month-old fine for stealing a lead pipe.

Parimutuel. In Mobile, Ala., a highway cop spotted two cars racing at 80 m.p.h., pinched Drivers Johnnie Gamble and Noble Hurry.

Moratorium. In Idana, Kans., a stranger stuck up Basil Rankin's law office, found no money, drove away after Rankin reminded him that the premises were no longer occupied by a bank.

Bureaucracy's Hand. In Utrecht, The Netherlands, Paul Verha got a \$1.60 fine or a day in jail for living with his wife at her father's house without prior approval of the local housing authority.

Vocational Training. In Springfield, Mass., Patrolman John Bigby, commanded three times for tracking down robbers, drew 30 months in jail for robbery.

Cold Outside. Near Alice, N. D., after his creamery truck stalled in a blizzard, Ray Gillette comfortably sat out the 29°-below-zero storm in the insulated refrigerator compartment.

Experienced Hand. In Columbus, Ohio, forgery suspect George McCrimmon answered to the name of a fellow prisoner due to be freed, forged the other's signature on a release form, strolled out of jail.

Final Proof. In Ames, Iowa, Student Don Young, who gave a street vendor \$10 for a "genuine cashmere sweater," set fire to it in his backyard to see if he had bought one of the "explosive" variety, watched sadly while it smoldered to ashes in five minutes, decided it was genuine after all.

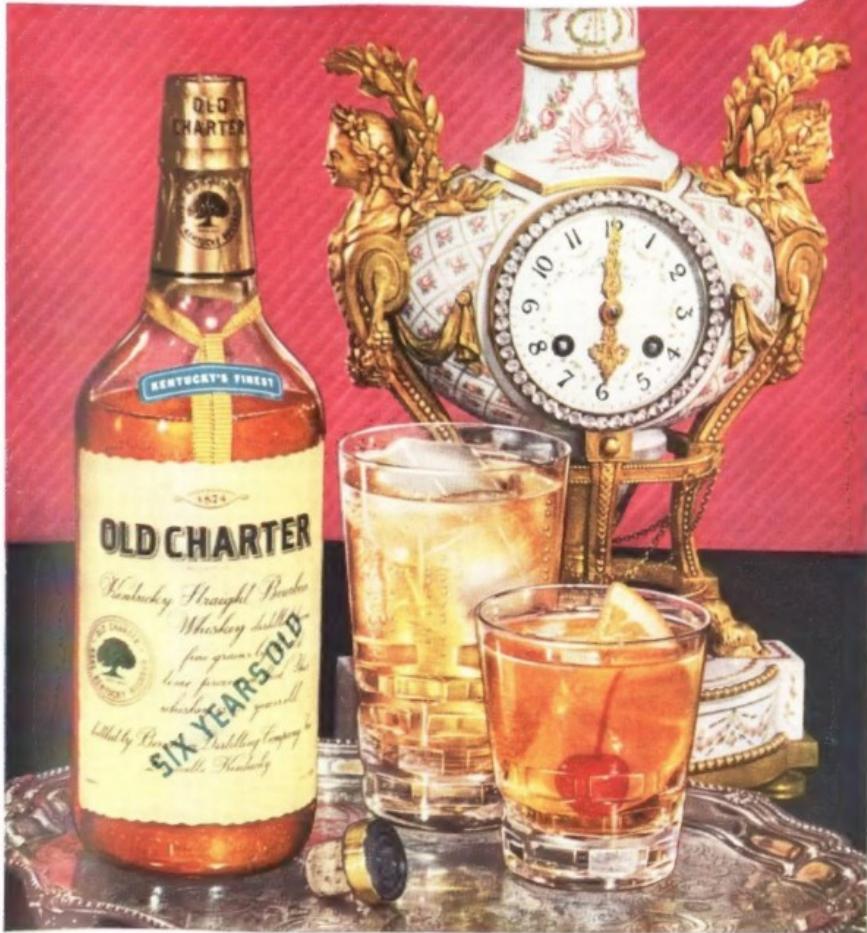
Infiltration. In Clinton, Mass., selectmen and merchants demanded that the Worcester Street Railway Co. quit sending through their town a bus bearing a huge sign: SHOP IN WORCESTER.

Test Case. In Chicago, Board of Health President Herman Bundesen, long an outspoken foe of jaywalking, tried it, got a broken wrist.

Safety First. In Brownsville, Texas, after a switch engine rumbled over him while he slept between the rails, Reyes Guzman explained his napping spot to the engineer: "Maybe you don't know it, but snakes don't cross railroad tracks."

Collateral. In Lima, Peru, Manuel Meneses admitted that he had his four-year-old son christened 26 times in three years because "each new godfather was good for at least one loan."

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